

TO-DAY'S GOOD NEWS FOR "TOMMY" AND "JACK"

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THE MILITARY TRAGEDY: WIFE'S POIGNANT LETTERS



Lieutenant-Colonel Rutherford arriving at West London Police Court yesterday.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photograph.)



A recent snapshot of Mrs. Rutherford.



Clerk who helped Col. Rutherford to find Sir M. Seton's address.



Sir Malcolm Seton, in whose house at Holland Park tragedy occurred.



Lady Seton, whose evidence has been of importance in the case.



The late Major Miles Charles Carleton Seton



Remarkable letters written by Mrs. Rutherford to her husband were read by Sir Archibald Bodkin yesterday, when Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Rutherford, D.S.O., made his



Exclusive Daily Mirror pictures of Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Rutherford in court yesterday.



A servant who has given important evidence relating to the tragedy.

appearance at the West London Police Court on a charge of wilfully murdering Major Miles Seton. A full report of the proceedings will be found on another page.

MRS. RUTHERFORD'S POIGNANT LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND

"I Have Been in Hell with None to Help."

"DIVORCE THE ONLY WAY"

Sensational Evidence in West End Shooting Drama.

Poignant letters written by Mrs. Rutherford to her husband were read by Sir Archibald Bodkin (counsel for the prosecution) when Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Rutherford, D.S.O., T.F., R.A.M.C., appeared at West London Police Court on the charge of wilfully murdering Major C. C. Seton on January 13 at 13, Clarendon-road, Holland Park, W.

In a letter of July 27, 1918, Mrs. Rutherford wrote:—"Only come back to me and complete the task we undertook together."

Extracts from other letters, which ranged from July 18 to November 29, 1918, were:—"I thought I loved you still, now I know I did not."

"I want to gain my freedom."

"You were life itself."

The letters were found in the colonel's bag, said counsel.

When the letters were being read Colonel Rutherford closed his eyes. He was remanded for a week.

THE TWO MEN.

Counsel Reviews Life Story of Accused and Dead Officer.

Sir A. Bodkin, opening the case for the prosecution, said Major Seton was a qualified medical practitioner. He was a single man and served throughout the South African War and afterwards went into practice in Melbourne, Australia.

He joined the forces for the present war in 1915 and served in Egypt. He was transferred in August, 1916, to England, and undertook medical duties at various war hospitals.

On January 7 he was transferred to Horsferry-road, and returned there for duty on January 13. He had relatives living in London—Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton, at 13, Clarendon-road, Holland Park—and after his transfer to Horsferry-road he spent the night with them, and was expected there again on January 13.

"He is described by those who knew him," said counsel, "as a cheerful and companionable kind of man."

Dealing with the record of the accused, counsel said: He also was a qualified medical man and took his medical degrees at Edinburgh.

That was in 1903, and he held in the Army the rank of lieutenant-colonel, having served in the R.A.M.C., and returned on leave on January 6 to January 30.

He seemed to have served with distinction, and won the D.S.O. in 1917. He came home occasionally on the usual short leaves during the years 1916, 1917 and 1918.

The accused was married and had six children.

During his service with the forces the family had lived for a time in 1916 at Friar Manor, Mill Hill, and later Hanover House, Regent's Park. Later they moved to Carshalton Place, Carshalton.

"WEEK-END VISITS."

Maid's Story of Bedroom Scene Between the Colonel and His Wife.

"Colonel Rutherford and Major Seton," said counsel, "were acquainted for some years, and well acquainted. Major Seton had whilst the family were living at Mill Hill, visited there, and I think I am right in saying he was godfather to one of the children."

This reference to his children caused the accused to bury his face in his hands.

Counsel, continuing, said that after this visit at Mill Hill Major Seton called at Hanover House, and last year he stayed a week-end at Carshalton Place.

The week-end visit was repeated on other occasions, the last being from shortly before to shortly after Christmas last.

That visit was known and quite clear, for there were letters found in Major Seton's possession after his death, one postmarked 23rd and the other December 31. They were addressed to Major Seton at Carshalton Place.

Counsel remarked that during that visit, in addition to Mrs. Rutherford and some of the children, there were two ladies who remained in the house up to January 15.

Accused returned home on January 6, and it seemed that with the exception of the visit to London with Mrs. Rutherford on January 8, he remained at Carshalton Place up to the 13th.

On that evening, according to the evidence of the maid, Winifred Lowth, who had been some time with the Rutherfords, there was a scene between the colonel and his wife.

Counsel then referred to the maid's statement that when she asked the colonel what she should pack in his bag he said: "Go, know's, and then with reference to the revolver said: 'You need not pack that, Winifred; I have no need for it.'"



Hon. Lt.-Col. (Temp. Maj.-Gen.) H. W. Thornton, of the Great Eastern Railway, to be Inspector General of Transportation.

Later, said counsel, the maid found Colonel and Mrs. Rutherford in the drawing-room, and subsequently the colonel caught the 9.14 from Carshalton to Victoria, where he was timed to arrive at 9.42.

LOOKING FOR THE ADDRESS.

Directory Search, Taxi cab, "Pistol" Shots and Dining-Room Drama.

"The next thing we hear of the accused's movements," continued counsel, "is that a few minutes to ten he was at the district messenger office near Victoria Station, where he inquired for a directory."

He said he was looking for the address of Sir Malcolm Seton, Holland Park, and seemed somewhat flurried, and was unable to find what he wanted.

He came down and the two of them went into the dining-room.

He seemed to be in a considerable hurry, there was a taxi cab waiting outside, and he got into it and drove off.

At twenty minutes past ten he arrived at 13, Clarendon-road, and asked the maid who answered the ring if that was Sir Malcolm's house and whether Major Seton was in.

The maid said he was, and Colonel Rutherford replied that he would like to see him. He was shown into the hall while the maid went upstairs to fetch Major Seton.

He came down and the two of them went into the dining-room.

Then Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton, who had remained upstairs, heard a number of pistol shots rapidly fired one after the other. Then a pause, and then another shot.

COLONEL "QUITE CALM."

They say four or five, it is difficult to say accurately. We know there must have been eight shots fired from some pistol.

They ran down and in the dim light of the hall they saw, as they descended, the body of Major Seton lying partly in the dining-room doorway on the floor.

Colonel Rutherford was standing at right angles at the farther side of the dining-room table.

The room is about 19ft. by 14ft., and the colonel was standing at the far side of the table. In front of him on the table was an automatic pistol.

Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton said the colonel was perfectly calm and quiet.

Lady Seton said to him: "You have killed Miles." Colonel Rutherford replied: "I only wish I had another bullet for myself."

Major Seton, counsel explained, was not then quite dead, and Lady Seton attended to him. Both Sir Malcolm and his wife asked Colonel Rutherford to stay there whilst the doctor and the police were sent for, and he said that he would.

The colonel continued quite calm, pacing up and down the far end of the dining-room. Lady Seton remained with Major Seton's head on her lap.

Sir Archibald then referred to the "sound of the click of a pistol" incident described by Lady Seton and colonel's bringing of the revolver to her at her request.

Sir Malcolm Seton returned later with a doctor and the police.

HELD NINE BULLETS.

Automatic Pistol That Was Found on the Dining-Room Table.

Colonel Rutherford asked to be allowed to take his belt and cap with him. Just before leaving, Sir Malcolm said: "You admit that you have murdered my cousin?" Colonel Rutherford's reply was: "Yes."

The accused, when seen by Inspector Savage at the police station, was told he would be charged with the murder. He said: "Yes, are you in charge here?"

The inspector said that he was. The colonel then said: "I would like to send a message to my wife to tell her what has happened before she reads it in the newspapers."

He then wrote out a message. This was the first message, for he wrote two.

The first one read: "I am sorry. The worst possible has happened. Seton is dead.—Norman."

After he had written that he crumpled it up and threw it away and wrote another. The second message read: "I am sorry. An awful thing has happened. Seton is dead.—Norman." On him when searched was found a paper which was no doubt the one he wrote on in the dining-room.

(Continued on page 4.)

THE SILVER BRIDE.

Lord Albemarle's Son Weds Miss Violet de Trafford.

"TWO CHOSEN SOULS."

A large crowd cheered and waved handkerchiefs as Miss Violet de Trafford drove up to Brompton Oratory yesterday for her wedding to Captain Rupert Keppel, son of Lord Albemarle.

Her gown of shining silvery tissue, stashed with crystal beads, excited great admiration. Her veil, trailing several yards, was of silver tissue, pearl strewn.

She also wore a wreath of silver leaves tied with orange flowers, and she carried Madonna lilies tied with a vast knot of silver ribbon.

The bride and bridegroom stood under a wedding arch of white lilac with a bridal bouquet of white roses, lilac and lilies.

Three tiny bridesmaids, one the daughter of Lord Bury, and two little girls of Lord and Lady Wolverton, were in attendance.

Twelve maids of honour, gowned, shod, veiled and wreathed in mauve, formed a semicircle around the bridal couple.

The bride and bridegroom were decorated with golden pots of white lilac and lilies alternately. Father Bernard Vaughan, in his address, said:—

"We do not regard this union as a commercial transaction, but as a love affair between two chosen souls."

"Love is self-sacrifice. No one knows better than the bridegroom what sacrifices love of country means. He has, indeed, won his bride."

LOVE AND MUNITIONS.

Woolwich Engagement That Ended in Breach of Promise Case.

Five pounds was awarded Lily Seaburg, of Clydon-road, Plumstead, in a breach of promise action yesterday, the defendant being Bertie Hawkins, of Welling, Kent. They became acquainted while making munitions and an engagement followed.

Hawkins earned £6 a week and the young lady £2 10s., and everything seemed rosy. But last summer, said counsel in the King's Bench Division yesterday, when they were on an outing Seaburg's suspicions were aroused. She was left in the cold, and finally Hawkins told her that he would not marry her.

Miss Seaburg, giving evidence, said that at the outing Hawkins left her and went with his landlady. Later he told her to take off the engagement ring, as he was finished with her.

Hawkins, who said that he was wounded and won the D.C.M. in the war, admitted the engagement, but said that Miss Seaburg was "stupidly jealous and showed bad temper."

His Ecstatic Dream.—Because of the difference in their religious beliefs the love which William Large, aged thirty-three, a traveller, bore for Mary Ellen Slaven (twenty-five) hospital nurse, cooled off.

The sequel was an award of £50 to Miss Slaven at Liverpool Assizes, in a breach of promise action yesterday.

"My Sweetheart," wrote defendant, "picture a silent room, with just a faint glimmer of light, and two persons seated side by side. . . . Slowly but surely, you feel a pair of arms around your neck, and he draws you to him, and then he plants a kiss on your ruby lips."

MARMALADE MUDDLE.

To-day's marmalade situation is as follows:—Marmalade is to be de-rated.—Consumers' Council.

Marmalade is rationed.—Ministry of Food. Such is the strange confusion which exists with regard to the disposal of this important article of food.

The supply of marmalade, as *The Daily Mirror* reported yesterday, is abundant in retailers' shops. Yet it is held up by the coupon system.

CHEAPER WINE!

Wine is cheaper. Recently *The Daily Mirror* criticized the very high prices then ruling in view of the large consignments of wine arriving in the country. Publicity, however, evidently had its effect, and in London yesterday it was possible to buy a bottle of excellent port wine for 6s. 6d., as against 7s. 6d. last week and 8s. 6d. during Christmas week.

TO-MORROW IS THE LAST DAY.

The *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition for war workers closes to-morrow. To date over 33,000 candidates have submitted their photographs. The prizes are divided as follows:—

First prize £500 Twenty prizes each £100
Second prize 100 of £50
Third prize 50 of £25
Fourth prize 25 of £10

In addition the first four prize-winners will be given a week's free holiday in France, the trip to Paris and back to be made by aeroplane.

All photographs must be addressed to the Beauty Competition Editor, *The Daily Mirror*, 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C. 4.

COLOURED HAIR IN SEARCHLIGHT BALL.

"Meet Me at Ypres," at "H.M.S. Lion."

GAY REVELLERS.

The dancing boom was at its height last night at the United Services Ball at the Albert Hall. Keen couples of "jazzers" and fox-trotters arrived early in the hopes of obtaining a fairly empty floor, but in vain.

Uniform prevailed amongst the service men on the floor, but many wore splendid representations of the old dress of their regiments.

Besides such, there was a marked tendency for couples to dress alike in Spanish dress, or Arab students, Mephistopheles, costers or Arab. A Joan of Arc in armour was a notable girl's dress.

Coloured hair came into its own again after a four years' lapse and more. Both men and women revelled in blue, purple and green and made the scene gay.

Japanese lanterns, lit by electric light, and coloured balloons were carried aloft on sticks by dancers who paraded the room. Balls on elastic strings were thrown and re-thrown.

U.S. SAILORS "RIGHT THERE."

As the dancers moved kaleidoscopic across the dancing floor to the music of the Guards' Band, searchlights shone blue, green, purple and yellow lights in zones of changing shades.

Meeting places for partners were indicated by illuminated circles, bearing the names of battles or battleships.

"Meet me at Ypres at the third fox-trot!" was the usual call from dancer to dancer as they moved past in the "Yours is the fourth" from now at H.M.S. Lion!

Amongst those entertaining supper parties in rose-decked boxes were Lady Beauchamp and Lady Conington. Convalescent officers of the United States naval men occupied other grand tier boxes.

The crews of the patrol boats from Portsmouth "saw life" by selling programmes and operating the searchlights exactly as done in the theatre.

And the inimitable Mr. George Robey and his troupe of comedians were "right there" as the night closed at midnight.

THE BABY IN THE TRAIN.

Mother's Story—"I Could Not See Him Starve."

"I did it because I could not see my baby starve." This, it was said at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, was a statement made by Jean Barker, of Donnington-road, Reading, when she was charged with abandoning her baby.

How the baby was discovered in the Plymouth Express at Paddington Station with a carriage all to himself has already been described in *The Daily Mirror*.

Barker, it was now stated, surrendered to the police at Paddington Green. She said that she left Reading for Paddington on Monday morning, the baby aged four weeks. She was in desperate circumstances. Seeing a train for Plymouth she left the baby in one of the carriages.

"Then," the statement went on, "I wandered about and finally travelled to Reading, I had no money to buy food to keep the baby."

NEWS ITEMS.

Weather Forecast.—England, S.E.: Moderate E. or N.E. winds; cloudy; some showers; slight snow; mist locally, cold.

No Compound Interest.—The polling in connection with the Birmingham Parliamentary Bill re-compounding is very apathetic.

Forfeited Pensions.—An ex-service man, sentenced to any term of imprisonment with or without hard labour, forfeits his pension, but the Ministry of Pensions has power to restore the pension thus forfeited.

OWNER OF BIBLE SOUGHT.

A Bible has been returned from the German Red Cross which was found on a dead English soldier. To the front page was attached a photograph of a family group, and the words, "Don with love from mother and dad."

The British Red Cross is anxious to trace the next-of-kin so that the Bible may be returned to the Central Prisoners of War Committee, (Recon. Department), 4, Thurlow-place, London, the initials "J. D."

ANOTHER RHINE SEIZURE.

A telegram from Loerach states that the French yesterday occupied the bridgehead near the railway on the left bank of the Rhine near Yver (Leopoldshöhe).—Reuter.

WARRIORS' NEW PAY—GIBRALTAR TO BE RETURNED?

GUINEA A WEEK FOR ALL "TOMMIES."

Scale of Pay for Armies of Occupation.

YEAR'S COST £29,000,000

Britain's "Army of occupation" in Germany and elsewhere—the men who are to remain in khaki—"to finish up the work"—is to consist of 900,000 men. Other men are to be released.

The men who remain in the service are to be better paid. A private soldier, for instance, will receive a bonus of 10s. 6d. per week, thus bringing up his weekly regimental pay to one guinea.

This announcement was made in a statement issued yesterday by the War Office.

Rates for increased pay for the Navy and the Air Force will be found on page 14.

The new Army will be composed of those

Who did not enlist before January 1, 1916. Those who are not over thirty-seven years of age and have not more than two wound stripes.

If anyone has to stay, it must be those who are not the oldest, nor those who came the earliest, nor those who have suffered the most.

The War Office statement continues:—

According to the best calculations which are possible they should give us about 1,300,000 men, out of which it is intended to form the Army of 900,000.

If we find, as we shall do in all probability, that we have left the classes chosen more men

than we actually require after dealing with a certain number of pivotal and compensation cases, we shall proceed to reduce down to the figure of 900,000 first by reducing the age of retention to thirty-six, to thirty-five, next releasing the men with two wound stripes and then on to thirty-four.

As the time goes on we shall not require to keep so large an army as 900,000 in the field, and it will be possible to continue making reductions on the principle of releasing the eldest men by the years of their age.

Volunteers for one year's service at a time for the armies of occupation will be accepted from men who would otherwise be entitled to release if they are physically fit and otherwise suitable.

The armies of occupation will be: Home Army, the men who form the Army of the Middle East, Detachment of the Far North and garrisons of Crown Colonies and India.

Strength of British Army when armistice was signed 3,500,000
Demobilised in two months 750,000
Number required to "carry on" 900,000

SCALE OF BONUSES.

Exemplary Conduct an Essential Condition of Demobilisation.

The new armies of occupation will begin forming from February 1, and it is hoped that in three months they may be completely organised.

There will then be two classes of men in khaki—viz. those who form the armies of occupation and those who are to be demobilised.

Everything possible will be done to send home or disperse the two and a half million men who are no longer required. But they must wait their turn patiently and meanwhile do their duty in an exemplary manner.

Any of these men who are marked for home will be guilty of any form of insubordination back to the bottom of the list.

The emoluments of the armies of occupation will be increased by the following bonuses:—

Per week. Per week.

Private soldier 10 d.
Warrant officers, Class 1 21 0
Corporals 12 3
2nd Lieutenants 24 6
Colour sergeants 31 6
Company sergeants 35 0
Company majors 42 0
Company quartermasters 42 0
Company armymasters 42 0
These graduated bonuses will be paid as a special addition to the pay of the Army during the period of occupation in recognition of the fact that the service is compulsory. The total of these additions in one year for an army of 900,000 will be about £25,000,000; of this £25,000,000 will go to the Army of Occupation.

Pivotal Men to Stay.—The Ministry of Labour announced last night that no further applications for the release of pivotal men (officers or men) can be considered. Pivotal men for whom demobilisation has been already received will be open to employers to send "contract offers" of employment to men not liable to be retained in the army of occupation if they were in their employment before August 14, 1914.

Japan's Peace Claims—Hun Colonies' Fate—Great Labour Plan Suggested by Britain.

ARCHANGEL DECLINES ISLAND PARLEY.

The outstanding news of the Peace Conference yesterday was:—

Paris messages assert that the question of the return of Gibraltar to Spain and the ceding of Ceuta to Britain is under consideration.

Sharp cleavage of opinion as to whether Hun Colonies should be allotted to individual Powers or internationalised.

French, Australian, African and Belgian claims almost agreed to.

Claim by Japan to Tsingtao, Kiaochow and Archipelago Group.

Refusal of Archangel Government to take part in Princes Island parley with Bolsheviks, "who," says the Note, "are assassins and brigands."—Reuter.

New Army's Pay.—"Tommy's" pay for new Army of 900,000 will be a guinea; officers' pay is increased. The Air Force and Navy have increases, too.

PORT OF CEUTA TO BE CEDED TO BRITAIN?

Exchange Said To Be Under Consideration.

PARIS, Wednesday.

According to the usually well-informed Paris Telegrams Agency, an important exchange is now under contemplation between England and Spain.

It has been decided since Count Romanones arrived in Paris that England would return Gibraltar to Spain for the concession of the Port of Ceuta and a part of the hinterland to Great Britain, it being understood that should Morocco change hands Great Britain would have the choice of retaining Ceuta or taking back her former colony.

Ceuta, states the Paris Agency, will in future have a most important commercial influence as the centre of all the Trans-African railways.—Exchange.

M. Glemier, the Exchange special correspondent, says:—

We should not be surprised if Gibraltar were exchanged for Ceuta, and if France acquired the Spanish region of Morocco, which, for the first time, would thus bring some profit to Spain.

Two directly antagonistic views, says the Exchange, prevail at the Paris Conference with regard to the German colonies:—

(1) All the ex-German colonies would be governed under a "mandate" from the League of Nations, which means that the Dominions will have no governing power over them.

(2) The conquered colonies would be handed over to the British Empire, France, Japan, and in part to Belgium, and in the case of British conquests will be administered in suitable cases by the Dominions in whose sphere they lie. This view is strongly backed by Great Britain, France and the British Dominions.

The plan for a mandate is that of President Wilson.

Nothing yet has been definitely settled concerning the sharing of the German colonies, and according to the latest information points which are aimed at are:—

German New Guinea goes to Australia.

South-Eastern German colonies in Africa to South Africa.

France would have the Cameroons and Togoland and free liberty of action in Morocco, which probably means that she will be entitled to settle with Spain any arrangements she desires on the lines already indicated.

Belgium would take the province of Tabora and the region west of the Victoria Nyassa and part of the left bank of the Congo, but would have to give some compensation to Portugal.

Mr. Lloyd George's Support.—M. Henry Simon, French Minister for the Colonies, gave the Conference a powerful exposition of French claims to Togoland and the Cameroons, in accordance with the Franco-British agreement.

M. Simon's methodical and learned exposition produced a deep impression on the delegates.

Some of whom, including Mr. Lloyd George, did not attempt to conceal their approval.

JAPAN'S DEMANDS.

Claim to Tsingtao, Kiaochow and Archipelago Group.

Japan, says the Paris *Matin*, has formulated her peace programme, which may be summarised as follows:—

Balkans, German African Colonies, Germany and Russia.—In agreement with Great Britain, France and the United States.

Indemnities and Reparation.—Left to Peace Conference.

Samoa.—Settle in agreement with Great Britain and United States on understanding that Hun bases in Pacific disappear.

New Guinea.—To be given to Australia.

Marshall, Caroline and Ladrones Groups.—Administered by Japan.

Tsingtao, Kiaochow and Tinian Railway.—To belong to Japan.

"TRAMCARS GET IN OUR WAY."

Clyde Strikers' Demand to Lord Provost.

STREET PROCESSION.

The Clyde strike developed yesterday and the situation last night created some uneasiness.

While there are conflicting estimates of the number idle, the strike committee reported the total to be about 70,000.

There is no galvanising the fact that the Clyde industries are seriously dislocated. Thousands of miners have declared an unofficial strike, while the lack of electric motive power has stopped entire establishments at three of the largest works in and around Glasgow.

A sinister aspect developed yesterday when crowds of strikers got slightly out of hand and lively scenes occurred in Glasgow. Following a meeting attended by 5,000 artisans, including several hundred women, a procession was formed and led by bands. The strikers marched to one of the principal electricity stations, where they demanded the withdrawal of the municipal workers. There was no response.

A deputation demanded to see the Lord Provost at the City Hall, and Councillor Shinwell, the strike chairman, afterwards told the strikers that he had informed the Lord Provost that their orderly progress through the street had been impeded by the strikers, and that the Lord Provost did not have the trams put off the streets the strikers would stop them.

Minister Will Not Intervene.—Sir Robert Horne, Labour Minister, declines to intervene in the Clyde strike. The National Joint Negotiating Committee, he says, should have an opportunity of dealing with the dispute, and he appeals to the Scottish unions for an immediate resumption of work.

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

Here is a small balance-sheet of the industrial position:—

Returned	Returning	Still Out.
Firth of Forth..... 8,000	Thames..... 15,000	
Dowlands..... 6,000	Clyde..... 70,000	
West Lothian..... 10,000	Belfast..... 60,000	
Manchester..... 4,000	Leith..... 8,000	
(Shipworkers)..... 4,000	Aberdeen..... 2,300	
		153,300

Belfast.—Gravity of position accentuated by cranesmen refusing to resume. City's coal supply short. Three out of four newspapers not published yesterday.

WOMEN'S WORLD CHARTER OF FREEDOM.

Striking Appeal to Peace Conference—No Marriage "Sales."

One of the first matters that has engaged the attention of the newly-franchised women of Great Britain is the amelioration of the conditions under which less fortunate women live in other lands.

The Peace Conference is to be asked to give its consideration to a Women's Charter, which will establish a basis of freedom for the women of all the countries within the League of Nations. The "Charter" demands:—

That Courts be set up, especially in the east of Europe, to trace and rescue missing women—captured, stolen, or deported—and to establish the responsibility for these outrages.

That in all the newly-freed territories unfranchised women shall be able to protect their interests in regard to social conditions and legislation.

That all customs, whether social, religious, or domestic, which entail the sale, barter, or disposal of women and girls—in marriage or otherwise—without their consent at a mature age, be decreed to be outside international law.

It is asked that all women who desire not to lose this opportunity of utilising a great historic occasion to benefit their sex all over the world will communicate with Miss Nina Boyle, 30, Talbot House, St. Martin's-lane, London.

EX-KAISER WANTS TO GO BACK TO GERMANY.

But, as Paris Hints, There is Trial To Be Faced Soon.

The ex-Kaiser is said to have written personally to Herr Ebert, says a Reuter Paris wire, according to advance his place of residence in Germany that would be assigned to him, and Herr Ebert is reported to have replied that the National Assembly alone was qualified to decide that point.

The Central News Paris correspondent telegraphs that he has reason to believe that the trial of the ex-Kaiser and others will be begun before many months have passed.

GAS MASKS FOR "FLU."

An influenza epidemic was like a gas attack and must be counteracted in a similar way by making each individual citizen responsible for a share of the defence which he wants, said Captain T. Caynath, Medical Inspector to the Local Government Board, speaking in London yesterday.

Sir A. Newsholme, Chief Medical Officer, suggested that gas masks should be worn during an epidemic in advance any place of residence.

Spanish influenza has reappeared in Switzerland.

News of the outbreak of influenza at Melbourne has caused a sensation at Sydney, says a Reuter wire.

PATROL SHIP MUTINY.

Charged with joining a mutiny, not accompanied with violence, on H.M.S. Kilnree, a patrol vessel, one able seaman was sentenced to two years' hard labour and dismissed the service; three others received one year's hard labour and three more received ninety days' detention at a Portsmouth naval court-martial yesterday. A leading seaman was acquitted.

The seamen inquired about the ship's watches, and being informed three would be worked, asked that they should be two. They demanded to see the captain, who refused to receive them. The seamen consequently refused to go to sea.

When the captain went ashore it was noticed that the regular flag had been hauled down and replaced by a red flag.

AMAZING GAS SAVING!

creatable Cooking Invention Where
ONE BURNER Does Everything.

THE death-knell of the old-fashioned gas-cooking stove has sounded. Gone are the days when, in order to cook a simple dinner, it was necessary to light a series of gas rings on the top of the stove and flaring burners inside the oven.

For several years inventors have been working on the problem of conserving the waste heat, so that all the cooking required in the home can be accomplished with One Burner Only, thus doing away with the terrible gas wastage and heavy gas bills which have hitherto been unavoidable. Every housewife will, therefore, welcome the news that the problem has been solved, and that a most ingenious appliance has been invented which will enable a full-course dinner to be cooked by the aid of a Single Gas Burner only, equivalent to an ordinary ring on the top of the average gas stove.



Think what this means. It means that more full helpings can be served from a joint—so that extra people can be fed and at the same time have meat left over. Then think as well of the saving in gas. One burner only is used.

This wonderful invention, which is destined to revolutionise the old extravagant and wasteful methods, can be obtained in various styles. One model can be placed on the top of an ordinary gas stove, and will bake, boil, grill and fry by simply lighting one gas ring, which, by a clever method of heat utilisation, will do all the cooking that it previously took four or more sets of burners to accomplish. Another model will perform similar miracles of economy with an ordinary gas ring attached to a gas bracket by a flexible tube, or a primus oil stove will supply the necessary heat. There is also a complete stove with a glass door through which the process of cooking can be watched. In this case the heat is supplied by a single bar burner, which can be fixed in various positions in a special heat-distributing chamber.

WHY EVERY WIFE WILL WANT ONE.

Amongst the outstanding advantages of the new style of cooking are the following:—

- (1) Gas is saved at every meal, as one gas ring does all the work.
- (2) From 1 lb. upwards of meat is saved on every joint owing to great elimination of "shrinkage."
- (3) All cooking is done in an upright position, thus avoiding stooping and inhaling unhealthy gas fumes from oven.
- (4) The food is better cooked and more nourishing.

Every reader should either call and see the free daily Public Demonstrations, or write at once for Printed Particulars.

The address is: The Multicooker Inventions, Ltd. (Room 10), 42, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

A Strange Fact About Indigestion.

A strange fact about indigestion with which comparatively few people are acquainted, is that nine times out of ten pain in the stomach after eating is due to food fermentation and acidity, which, as any doctor or chemist can tell you, is almost instantly relieved by taking half a teaspoonful of pure Bisurated Magnesia (powder form) in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. Pure Bisurated Magnesia is obtainable of chemists everywhere at 3s. per bottle, containing sufficient for about six weeks' treatment, and if everyone would adopt this simple plan, indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, gas, and flatulence would soon be unknown.

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Advt.)

"I LOVE SUCH AS I GAVE YOU."

Counsel Reads Letters That Were Found in Bag.

"YOU WERE LIFE ITSELF."

(Continued from page 2.)

the district messenger office, because it contained the name of Sir Malcolm Seton and the address, 13, Clarendon-road.

There was also a cloak room ticket for Victoria Station, showing that he had deposited his bag there.

The bag was later opened, and inside was found a bundle of letters tied together.

The weapon which was found lying in front of the accused on the dining-room table was an automatic pistol fitted with a clip which would hold eight cartridges.

It was possible for the weapon to hold nine cartridges if one was placed in the barrel.

There had to be a fresh pull of the trigger for each cartridge fired.

DEAD MAN'S WOUNDS.

Counsel Suggests That Major Seton Was Shot While Leaving Room.

When the body was examined there were no marks of singeing either on the clothes or on the body. There were fourteen bullet wounds, exit and entrance wounds.

Dr. Spilsbury found it impossible to say accurately which were entrance and which were exit wounds.

The tracks of the bullets seemed to show that they passed more or less horizontally across the body, some of them apparently from right to left.

The position of the wounds and the damage which was done to the doorway of the dining-room seemed to indicate that Major Seton was in the act of leaving or trying to leave the room. One thing seemed to show quite clearly that the door was partly opened.

One of the shots went right through the door and across the hall and struck a tall grandfather's clock which stood in the hall, and having regard to the direction of the hole in the door, the angle at which the hole was made and the injury to the clock beyond, it was clear that the door was opened a little distance.

Counsel said that there were other details which tended to show that the suggestion he put forward was a well-founded one. That either when he first saw this weapon in Colonel Rutherford's hand, or after one or more shots had been fired, Major Seton was undoubtedly leaving the room.

"Now," said counsel, prosecuting Colonel Rutherford at the West London Police Court yesterday, "in a terrible occurrence of this kind one naturally looks to find some explanation for the deliberate conduct of the accused, deliberately, because following shortly upon that scene in Carshalton Place he packs his bag and comes direct to London, and as rapidly as he could goes directly to the house, from which it is clear he thought he would be able to find Major Seton there."

"COME BACK TO ME."

"Love Me with the Strength of Your Being and I Will Not Fail."

"Then, after a little conversation, during which no sounds of quarrelling or trouble were heard, this shooting took place. In that, I venture to think, it is clear is to be found the explanation."

Amongst the letters which were in the little parcel in the bag there are five to which I wish to draw your particular attention.

They range from July 27 down to November 29, 1918, and are of the letters written by Mrs. Rutherford to her husband.

"The first one, of July 27, doesn't appear to be complete, but it may be. It reads as follows:

"Your long letter came this evening, and the few lines at the end read my heart."

"Darling, have you ever known me merciless in refusing forgiveness? Only come back to me and complete the task we undertook together."

"I believe my love for you is the most vital part of me now, for in trying to put you out of my life I have suffered tortures, both mentally and physically, that must in the end kill me."

"Love me with the strength of your being, and I will not fail. Come back to me when the opportunity is given you, and I will be waiting for you."

The next letter, said counsel, followed after an interval of about two months.

The postmark dated was September 14, and the letter ran as follows:—

"Dear Norman.—You blamed me once for not being sufficiently candid with you. This time I have been candid, and have been through hell this last week alone and with none to help me, but I came out of it."

"A different woman writes to you who will never return to the old regime. I thought I loved you still, now I know I did not. That I haven't an atom of faith in you or trust in your promises, and only away from you can I ever be happy again."

"I have struggled and tried, I have trusted and hoped, but the end is inevitable, and in common justice I write to tell you so."

"I shall take no steps, do nothing further, only batten along as before. I am sorry for you, but I cannot act otherwise."

The next letter, said counsel, was dated October 24.

That letter, counsel explained to the magistrate, ran as follows:—

"Dear Norman, when I wrote to you seven weeks ago explaining my real feelings with re-

gard to our future, I knew that you would in all probability attribute the cause of it to extreme mental and physical strain, due to what I was having to cope with quite alone at the time."

"I therefore carefully waited for a reasonable time to elapse before writing to ask you to put no obstacles in the way of divorce if I bring an action against you."

"I need not waste words in lengthy explanations, and your knowledge of my nature will make you realise what it has cost me to write even these few lines."

"I want to gain my freedom with as little suffering to you as possible, and if for the children's sakes you will agree to carry the thing through with as little publicity as possible, I will hand over to you the three elder children."

"Honestly, I believe they would be happier with you, and they would at least give you some hold on life. I should not feel that you were utterly broken. This is a difficult letter to write."

"Please make the rest of my task as easy as possible, for the sake of all that I have so far borne for you."

The next letter ran:—

"Your letter of the 3rd has just arrived. My tender-heartedness and generosity invariably in the past were taken advantage of, and now they are used as additional scourge to chastise me."

"You need not fight me for the children. You will never get them."

"You give me no credit for what I suffered for them; you know that (counsel said the two daughters were referred to) they love me, and that my first-born son loves me, and is under- stood by me to a very unusual degree."

"You know well that through your vile temper and cruel usage of me you have suffered greatly in the eyes of your children."

"It seems far wiser for these children to have one parent whom they would respect and, therefore, I want to save the horrible scandal of a divorce trial."

"I might have known that you would take my generosity as a sign of weakness. So be it."

"The minute you walk into the house I shall leave and throw myself on the mercy of my parents, who will see justice done to me."

"Your love for me is of the wrong kind. Your life has always been artificial and the remainder of your life will be a curse to you and to me."

"I have served you well and faithfully. Don't think you will escape justice for having deceived me and treated me unfaithfully."

"DIVORCE THE ONLY WAY."

Last Letter in Documents of a "Very Painful Character."

The last letter which counsel read was dated November 29, and ran:—

"My dear Norman.—The children were all delighted with the war souvenirs which now adorn the library. I am very unhappy. Mr. — is going to write to you about divorce proceedings, but after some discussion he maintained that I still cared for you. Candidly, other men have never been more than an episode in my life."

"You were life itself, but that does not alter the fact that life may be good or wicked, and I would give anything to a merciful Providence to let me get out of it instantly."

"I am convinced that your nature will never change, and that unhappiness only lies with you."

"I don't think anyone in this world realises that the love which I gave you was completely die or be repeated. Mrs. Clarke has been here today. She knows what you were to me before."

"Please help me, as you would, to find means of obtaining a moderate degree of happiness."

Counsel, concluding, said that these letters were found together in the bag. They were letters of a very painful character.

The accused, continued counsel, came home on January 6. Whether then for the first time he knew about it did not appear, but it was probable that at that time he learned of the last recently ended of Major Seton and Major Seton's earlier visits in October and other week-end visits.

These visits may have given him, together with the letters which he was receiving, a suspicion whether right or wrong, whether well or ill founded, that Mrs. Rutherford had been unfaithful to him with Major Seton.

Then, after some scene, he formed the impression to kill Major Seton.

"Thus," said counsel, "the circumstances which he had indicated, viz., his conduct at the house, then of his going up to London with this weapon in his possession, it seemed that he came up to London with deliberation, and after an interview, in which apparently there was no trace of a quarrel, he shoots a defenceless man at a time when that man was seeking to get out of the room in which they were."

Counsel then proceeded to call evidence.

"A SERIES OF SHOTS."

Sir Malcolm Seton Describes How Tragedy Was Discovered.

Sir Malcolm Seton, at whose house the tragedy occurred, and of the circumstances of which was called. He said he had had the honour of knighthood conferred on him, but he had not yet been invested, although his name had appeared in the New Year's honours. He saw his cousin when he joined the forces in 1916 when he came to London.

What kind of disposition had he? He was very reserved, but extremely kind-hearted and unselfish, and, therefore, those who knew him were very fond of him.

Did you say reserved? What I mean is that on first introduction, say at a dinner-party, he would not be very talkative. Afterwards he would be found to be very genial, and, as far as I know, was a favourite.

"I once saw Mrs. Rutherford, and I had often

(Continued on page 13.)



BABY BUTLER.

"I consider Virol saved my Baby"

36, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

"Sir,—I am sending you a photo of my baby girl, as I would like you to see what Virol has done for her. At birth she was a healthy child weighing 8 lbs., but for some weeks she rejected her food; this caused her to lose weight rapidly. We thought she would not live. I took her to the doctor, who recommended Virol, and from the first day of taking it she has never rejected any of her food. Her age is 9 months, and she is most happy and contented, healthy child. I consider Virol saved my baby and I have proved what a splendid food it is."

"I remain, yours gratefully,"

"Mrs. E. BUTLER."

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. Virol Babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.



In Jars, 1/1, 1/10, & 3/5.

Virol, Ltd., 148-160, Old St., London, E.C. BRITL' H OWNED & BRITISH MADE S.W.



BEETHAM'S La-rola

(With Glycerine)

Will keep your hands right

Don't worry when you look at your hands at the end of a hard day. The constant soaking of hands in water and the steam of cooking play havoc with the hands, but you have in La-rola an immediate relief and remedy which will restore their whiteness and make them smooth, soft and supple again. Keep a bottle in the house and remember to rub it in after washing—yes, face as well. It is delightful for the complexion.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 11s.

FOR PALE COMPLEXIONS A touch of La-rola Rose Bloom is just the thing to give a perfectly natural tint. Boxes 1s.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham Spa, England

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1919.

THE MYSTERY OF THESE STRIKES.

IT is said that the Prime Minister's attention should have to be diverted from the supreme issues of the Peace Conference, or the question of war or peace for humanity, to the many problems of industrial war at home. But so it is. He is returning.

And we may be sure that he will see the necessity of arriving at some common measure for dealing with the whole sporadic strike impulse, or "wave." Quite obviously, the hand-to-mouth method is obsolete in the settlement of these hundred-headed disputes. It isn't enough to rush in here with a compromise; then to take a taxi (if you can get one) and rush off elsewhere to settle another outbreak—for a moment.

That procedure reminds one of a man outnumbered by a million antagonists. He fights more and more wildly against them. They are too many! Soon they will overwhelm him. He must make general terms with them all. These strikes, too, call for a revision of the whole machinery for dealing with labour disputes.

But even that is only a preliminary step. It will not be enough.

Next, you will have to find out if there be any common origin for the irritations that come, it seems, so swiftly to a head; often, as we see, without the apparent consent of the majority of workers.

The recognised authorities—Ministry of Labour, for example—fail. The appointed tribunals are not appealed to. Further, the Trade Union machinery is as much neglected as the external courts. Right from within, secretly, by "direct action"—that is often by the action of a few—the spark is set alight and the fire, blazing up, catches and spreads to the whole of one vast industry after another.

Thereupon, the Prime Minister and those impotent authorities alluded to, will have to inquire closely who are these few.

Who inspires the directors of direct action? Who leads the minority?

If we know that, we shall know more than (at present) the Unions and Ministries seem to know. We shall get at the source of the grievance by hearing its representatives. We shall learn their point of view, whether reasonable or revolutionary, in some other way than by opening our papers and discovering one morning that "they"—who?—have set another three or four hundred thousand men idle in some industry now absolutely vital to the slowly recovering health of a war-torn land.

Let's get this done and we shall see! At present the immediate origin of most strikes escapes even those who support the cause of the main body of strikers; still more, those who watch them, perhaps sympathetically, from without.

A trade was once in the old sense a "mystery."

Well, a strike is, in nine cases out of ten, a mystery, in the modern sense, to-day. Nobody understands it. To cure it we must first understand it. W. M.

THE POET AND THE WORLD.

Triad with all these, for restless death I cry—
And behold death a beggar born,
And needs nothing trimm'd in jollity;
And killed faith unhappily foraworn,
And maiden virtue shamefully misplaced,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping weakness disabled,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth madmen's contemptible smile,
—Fixed with all these, from these would I be gone,
Have that, to die, I leave my Love alone.
—SHAKESPEARE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In marriage do thou be wise; prefer the person before money, virtue before beauty, the mind before the body; then thou hast a wife, a friend, a companion, a second self; one that bears an equal share with thee in all thy joys and troubles.—William Penn.

NO ROOM ANYWHERE FOR ANYONE!

WHEN WILL THERE BE HOTEL ACCOMMODATION?

By ALFRED BARNARD.

I NEVER grumble, no matter how great the cause.

I have torn a new suit on a merciless French nail in making a hasty retreat from ferocious cattle; I have been shipwrecked, sunburnt, conscripted, falsely imprisoned, vaccinated, baptised and bathed—all that and more, but I have never complained.

And I won't complain because there is no room in the world for most of us.

For weeks I have been searching London for rooms in a hotel.

I advertised, I hunted, I bribed, I lied, I telephoned myself hoarse, and I walked myself footsore for weeks.

Then one day I struck oil.

Yes, the manager had got a room; it was at the top of the building, many leaps and

he had not made the rule that people stayed for one month only, where should I be at that moment? Nothing would have induced my predecessor to quit this nice, light, airy (to say nothing of the size) room.

I signed the form. Got my baggage and stacked it on the landing; placed the small table and a chair on the bed and commenced to work. Fortunately the bed was sufficiently hard to remain steady.

During the night I hung the table and chair out of the window by a piece of rope, which the manager kindly lent me without extra charge.

MOVED OUT!

I hitched the rope to the bedstead, and never once failed to find my furniture at the other end of it in the morning.

Time passed apace, and the end of the month brought me a note from the manager to say that he had let the room to a lady, who would move in on the following day.

I interviewed him. He declined to let me stay on, and stated loftily that the lady who

HOW CAN NON-SMOKERS AVOID SMOKE?

IN A NON-SMOKING RAILWAY CARRIAGE



AT A RESTAURANT



AT A REVUE



ON A BUS



EVEN AT A DANCE



WHAT IT WILL COME TO



Especially in these days when nearly every woman smokes as well as every man.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

bounds from where the lift finished. Would I like to inspect it?

The manager preceded me, and after many vicissitudes we reached the door, which he opened. He stood aside on the landing for me to enter.

I popped my head in first, and with a little wriggling got my body in after it.

"Just step outside while I come in," said the proprietor.

"You see"—his voice came to me from inside the room—"you can make more room if you want it!"

"What, by putting the bed on the landing?" I suggested.

"No need to put the bed out," he said, reproachfully, "you might the washstand, though; will you take the room?"

I was afraid to ask the rent lest he should think I was too particular and tell me that the room was let after all. I said I would take it.

He then told me that I must sign a form undertaking to leave at the end of one month. People were so comfortable there that he had a job to get rid of them, which was unfair to the British public.

There was my own case, for instance. If

was coming in was paying £3 10s. a week against my £2.

I reflected that she must be wealthy, and wondered where she would keep her money in view of the size of the room.

I returned to my quarters and locked myself in.

The next day I was still there with the door locked. Many people came and knocked. The proprietor yelled himself hoarse. I took no heed.

In the evening I slipped out unobserved, locking the door behind me. When I returned I opened the door with my key.

A loud scream came from within. With the aid of a master key the new lodger had moved in.

And I was moved out.

It's the same everywhere—in offices, in hospitals, warehouses and shops.

Everything is cramped. The world wants stretching.

There are only two places where there's room—one, the churches during hours of service and the other the gaols.

If we can't find rooms we must live in a spirit of hopefulness—that things will be better in the future.

"AN OPEN MIND."

SHOULD WE BELIEVE IN NEW "SPIRITUAL REVELATIONS"?

THE CATHOLIC ATTITUDE.

BISHOP WELLDON in his article on "Magic" advocates an "open mind" towards spiritualistic revelations.

Personally, I consider that this is a subject to be left to the scientific investigator—to the man who can experiment without becoming absorbed.

Dabbling in the unseen world is forbidden in the Roman Catholic Church, and quite rightly, for the revelations obtained at spiritualistic seances lead in the vast majority of cases to evil—not to good.

The Catholic Church does not deny that there is a great deal of significance in these manifestations—there is too much proof to the contrary. It merely tells us that the effect on the mind of the average man who plays with these unknown fires is an evil one.

Who can say that they have definitely benefited by advice received in this way? What great discoveries, what solutions of our many vexed questions have reached us from the unseen?

When great blessings come to us through these manifestations, then indeed we may turn towards "spiritualism" without fear. At present the results lead either to folly or even in some cases to madness. A CATHOLIC.

"EVIDENCES."

FROM what Bishop Welldon writes in his article appearing in your issue of January 28, he does not seem to be aware that the evidences of true Christianity and of Christian Science are precisely the same.

Christian Science is the purest form of Christianity appearing before the world to-day. It teaches its disciples to preach the gospel and heal the sick in fulfilment of the command of our Master.

When the Christianity of Bishop Welldon approaches this he will find that people will be quite satisfied with the evidences. CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

JUSTICE AND DIVORCE.

THE Scotch law as described by Lady Beecham in your recent issue illustrates well the absurd attitude of former Legislatures towards divorce.

We are told that a spouse can procure a divorce if he or she has been deserted for four years and has wished the defaulting party to return.

That wish for the return of a spouse is made by the Scotch law an indispensable condition to the granting of a divorce. The innocent party must wish for the return of the defaulter in order to prevent the defaulter from ever returning!

What is desired is (1) an alteration of that unfair law, which denies a divorce to a wife even though her husband is proved to be constantly unfaithful.

(2) That either of two innocent parties shall be granted a divorce after a separation of four years.

Marriage as an institution is not sanctified by compelling two utterly uncongenial people to remain husband and wife. With reasonable divorce laws the fact of a pair remaining married would show that the marriage was at least one of agreement, if not one of affection or love.

As it is, marriage often means constant disagreement, if not positive hate.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

DO WE WANT NEW GAMES?

I NOTICED in a letter sent to *The Daily Mirror* by "A Middle-Aged Sportsman" that St. Paul's School played lacrosse in the Lent term.

I have been at St. Paul's School for over two years and have not heard about lacrosse being played. Therefore, I trust, "A Middle-Aged Sportsman" is mistaken. A PAULINE.

[We understand St. Paul's gave up playing lacrosse about 1897.]

ANOTHER VIEW.

FOOTBALL I like, but I always hated cricket at school, and at the 'Varsity I know dozens of men who never intend to return to it.

That accounts for the growing popularity of lawn tennis in the summer term up here. Holywell, Oxford. T. N. C.

GOOD OLD CRICKET.

I HAVE read with interest the correspondence in your paper about the "Reform of Sport," and I think perhaps new outdoor games might be invented, but all the same, I feel sure that we shall never get one to touch cricket, the real British game.

I am quite certain that if we played lawn tennis at school we should get much more tired of it than we do of cricket, for there is much less real "game" in it, and we should find it monotonous, although I enjoy it as much as anyone in the holidays.

I for one am a staunch supporter of cricket and never get tired of it. AN EROMIAN.

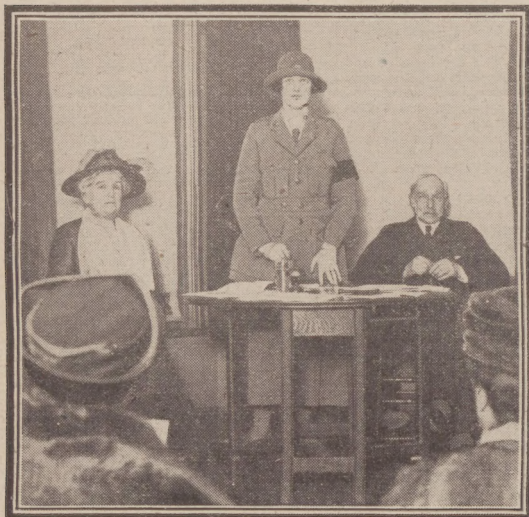
IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 29.—Whenever the weather is dry and not frosty, much may be done at this season to improve the lawn. Bare patches can be carefully reseeded; use good, clean grass, and beat it quite level. Weeds may be dug out.

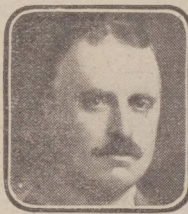
Every three weeks the lawn should be swept over in order that sown-casts may be distributed; at the same time get rid of twigs and leaves.

If a sifted mixture of rich soil and decayed manure is spread over the grass at this date and frequently brushed about the turf will be greatly benefited. Use the roller repeatedly during March. E. F. T.

WOMEN'S WORK IN PEACETIME. IN THE NEWS LONDON FIRE CHIEF ENTERTAINED



The Marchioness of Londonderry gives the opening address at the Employment of Women meeting at the Women's Institute. Miss Agnes Hitchcock, on her right, Sir Rickman Godlee, Bart., on left.



Major C. S. Awdry, of the Wiltshire Yeomanry, who is reported wounded and missing. Information to Mrs. Awdry, Hitchambury, Tallow.



Captain E. L. Jerwood, M.C., of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, who has been awarded a second bar to his Military Cross.



Lieutenant-Commander Sladen, R.N. (A), entertained at the Connaught Rooms, London, by the Fire Section of the London Volunteer Rifles. Mr. C. F. Higham, M.P. (B), in the chair.



Taking their final pay as soldiers. A few minutes afterwards they are civilians.

QUICK TRANSFORMATION CENTRE.—The process of demobilisation has been reduced to the utmost simplicity at the Crystal Palace, London. There the soldier who is to be



Measured for civilian clothes. They never had such chest measurement before.

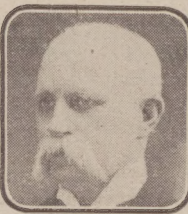
released finds himself a mere civilian almost before he has had time to realise what has happened to him. It is noticed that he never complains of the speed.



PRISONERS' GIFT TO KING.—Volume of a camp periodical bound in the skin of a rabbit caught by British prisoners at Ruhleben, which is to be presented to the King as a unique war souvenir.



STILL SERVING.—Major A. Wynn, of King's Royal Rifles, completes fifty years with the colours to-day, and is still on service.



DEAD.—Mr. William Allingham, of the Meteorological Office, Kensington, whose sudden death while travelling has just been reported.



HUN SPRING-TYRE "BIKE."—A German spring-tyre cycle left behind by retreating Hun troops and now used by a British runner. The tyres are a poor apology for rubber pneumatics.

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE FOR HER BOY.

WHY WILL OUR SONS NOT
MARRY GIRLS WE LIKE?

By AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Who complains that though parents introduce "nice girls" to their boys, the boys often choose wives outside the circle at home.

IN common with many other parents I am in great perplexity and greatly disappointed.

Before my boy grew up I knew (unlike so many mothers) that he would marry "some day."

I determined to be prepared for that day.

I prepared by making sure that he should meet at my house a great many nice girls. I gathered a circle of feminine companionship about him. "When 'the magnetic age' comes for him," I said to myself, "he will not fall in love with an utter stranger—with someone met on the wayside, so to speak; but with one known to us and liked by us all. I did not pretend to dictate his choice. I did hope to guide it in the way I mean.

Once again quite the contrary has happened!

He was "pals" with the girls he met at my house. He liked them. That was all. Outside, he has met and married a total stranger. And to us at home she seems totally unsuited to him.

"Is it always so? Must it be so? Why is it? If I had married the sort of girl my mother thought of for me, I should not have known such misery." Once I heard that cry from an unhappily married man. The inspiration came too late!

IS IT "ROMANTIC"?

In France matters are arranged differently. There the parents can at least exercise a veto, and this wise provision in their code has saved many a family disaster.

I deny that it works against romance. Why should it be more romantic to fall in love with someone whom the family ostracise than with one whom they like?

Now, if a mother has selected a number of nice girls, you may depend she has seen to it that they are good-tempered, and likely to be interested in their home and to manage it well.

The mother has ways of finding out these things.

Who better than she should know that Tilly is irritable, whereas Rosy is patient, kind and good?

Yes, I do not hesitate to use that old-fashioned word. Mothers want a good girl for their son's wife.

If Betty is hysterical and Susan selfish the mother hears of it. Those girls somehow disappear from the family circle. Only the pretty and the healthy find an entrance.

Surely a man might fall in love with this girl we know and like?

But, no. He takes not the remotest interest in any of them. He appears dull and listless. He loves them.

Then one fine day he marries a stranger—perhaps on a week's acquaintance—and presents her to his mother. "Here's my wife. I didn't tell you we were married. Thought there'd be such a fuss. Sure you'll like her, She's rippin'!"

THE GIRL WE'VE NEVER SEEN.

But with the best will in the world the mother cannot love a girl who enters the family in that abrupt way!

Sometimes he marries a young person just vaguely unsuitable.

Everyone knows she won't do.

There must be something to explain this contrariety of human nature.

It is not that these other women are snarlier or cleverer than the modern young girl of his own set. She is as up-to-date as they. Her skirts are not markedly less short and her silk stockings are in better style. Something indefinable prompts him and produces that long chain of undesirable daughters-in-law now being introduced to every household.

"Mother dear! Here's Benny Bounce about. You admired her in the pantomime. We were married this morning." Or, "Here's Milly Catnip—that charming widow I told you of—remember? Met her last week. We were married yesterday."

The marriage thus lightly entered into is for life. No other deed that we do is so final, so irrevocable. In spite of all the divorces there is no getting away from marriage. If we try to escape it haunts us. If we build up a home away from it old memories and old ghosts crouch like shadows in the corners of the new house. Marriage is too serious to be trifled with. Its best asset is not romance but comradeship.

C. I.

ARE THE "CLASSICS" DEAD IN EDUCATION?

WHAT THE UNDERGRADUATES
WILL STUDY AFTER THE WAR.

By A UNIVERSITY TUTOR.

A WOMAN poet, in the course of a well-deserved tribute to the Oxford undergraduates who rallied to the call of their country four years ago, wrote:

The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

That is true. But it is equally true that they put their studies away.

Will they resume them? Or, rather, will their studies resemble those which claimed their attention in pre-war days?

I have talked to a good many of them in Oxford lately and I find that they most of them answer "no." "I suppose you mean to read Greats at last?" I asked a clever youth the other day. "Greats" is mainly classics plus philosophy.

"No, I've finished with the classics."

"No more Greek and Latin ever again?"

"How can I? I've forgotten all I ever knew."

Greek and Latin are indeed like that. You forget them as soon as you don't practise them. Now these young men put them down (so to speak) sharply and suddenly the day the war broke out; and the trenches are no place for worrying over bits of Thucydides and Pindar. Few are they who composed elegiacs

in dug-outs. A Virgil is not in place in an aeroplane. You want something lighter. So it happens that the classics have been forgotten.

Will they ever be recovered?

By specialists and by those who love letters, they must always be known and loved for their own sake. But I am inclined to think that the average undergraduate won't read Greats any more.

And the Universities seem to be aware of it. Cambridge has just abolished compulsory Greek. It is the twilight of the classical gods.

History will be the subject chosen (apparently) by most war-returned young men. Almost all those I meet at Oxford seem to be keen on that "school."

In future generations there will be science to gain more and more adherents. And there will no doubt be other more "modern" schools.

The utilitarians have triumphed—in the field of education, as elsewhere. Greek is being displaced by mechanical engineering, and Theocritus is yielding to the more pressing claims of therapeutics.

Is it a good or a bad thing?

I, as a teacher, cannot enter into that old discussion. Our business is to hope—and to see that the young when they want change get the best of the new subjects they choose.

At present, if they are choosing history, let us see that they get the best and most impartial teaching available in that subject.

After all, history with enthusiasm is better than Greek without! N. P.

THE WAR HAS NOT CHANGED US!

PEACE PROPHECIES THAT DON'T
COME TRUE.

By W. L. GEORGE.

Mr. George shows that in 1919 we are doing much the same things as in 1914. He contends that war creates nothing new in manners.

IT may seem unfair that a prophet should have no honour in his own country, but supposing his prophecies are wrong . . . is it so unfair?

Now the peace prophets seem almost as unfortunate as were the war prophets, though their long experience in the trade should have served them well.

For four years they have been preparing us for mental revolutions.

They have painted a prospect of a serious generation, burdened with the cares of reconstruction. Seriousness seemed likely, for the prophets were at one in expecting poverty, high taxes, and cheered us only by promising that the economy learned in war would be maintained in peace. They rested sad eyes upon woman, declared that she would forsake the home for employment or a profession; that the soldiers would return in a state of savagery and shoot at night.

In spite of which, many prophets looked forward to what they called "a purer and simpler domestic life."

Nothing of this is coming true, and though I would rather forget a few of my own forecasts, I am glad to have been the unpopular upholder of the belief that war changes nothing because it can make nothing. It can stimulate a movement that existed, but create it cannot.

"AMAZINGLY LIKE!"

Therefore I record without sorrow that 1919 is amazingly like 1914.

In 1914 we had "social reform"; to-day we have "reconstruction" . . . and in neither year did the vast masses care anything for either.

To-day people refer vaguely to housing, note that the Cornish soldiers who want 12,000 acres have so far obtained from their county council only 300, and pass on.

They are not interested. They want to resume their old trades, to live the 1914 life, and let 1919 take care of itself.

Nor have they lost their fondness for pleasure, and it is interesting to observe that they have so far found not a single new one.

There is a theatre boom. One theatre is leased for £400 a week. Five managers bid for Drury Lane. A music-hall fetches a huge sum. What does it mean?

Does it mean that war has left behind an increased taste for pleasure? That we have learned not economy but extravagance? We have certainly learned to spend freely. The high earnings of war time, the tendency to have one's fling when on leave, all this has left its mark. But those who remember the crowded theatres, restaurants and music-halls of 1914 will realise that here is no change at all.

Nor are the performances themselves different.

THE SAME AMUSEMENTS.

Farce, revue and musical comedy share the boards—as they did before the war. The war has produced nothing new.

I shall be told that the dancing craze is new. But is it?

Dancing was the rage before the war, from the time of the tango in 1912 to that of the fox-trot in 1914.

All we are doing is to restore the old times; we set up the old things and give them new names; we say jazz-band instead of ragtime band; we reopen the night clubs; we buy more clothes than we can afford, find the same old thrill in a cocaine or murder case, flock to football matches between the same old teams. Mr. Siegfried Sassoon was right in saying that what soldiers wanted was . . . to regain . . .

Bank holidays and picture shows and spats, And going to the office in the train."

As for the future, if I dare prophesy at all, I would suggest that 1920 will also be much the same.

Prices and earnings may come down, the proportion being but little changed; so there will be no reason for our habits to alter much. This does not mean that the world is not changing. It is, but so slowly that one realises it as little as one finds oneself growing old.

The world is always changing, but it takes a revolution to hurry it. Mankind is as leisurely as the fattest old pony.

W. L. GEORGE.



GERMAN ARMISTICE DELEGATES.—German officers arrive at Chateau Salins. Moroccan Spahis conducted them to the French Headquarters.

WILL THE STRIKES BRING BACK HOARDING?

THE NEW PHASE OF A VERY
OLD STORY.

By PHILIP URQUHART.

"THESE coupons," said the luncheon at the marble table, "are the Dickens. And I don't expect you like them much either."

"No fear," chirped the beauty in the apron. "But I expect rationing will soon stop now. What with the war ending and all."

"Oh, yes, it'll soon stop now," nodded the customer; "praise be." And, taking up his paper, he began perusing the story of the strike in Belfast.

"Meanwhile," he read, "there is a universal demand for candles, and candles used on the high altar as well as candles for Christmas trees have been bought up."

H'm! Pretty serious that. And the strikes were likely to spread. Suppose all the lights were cut off in London!

"It will be as well," reflected the luncheon, "to call in at the grocer's and lay in a good stock of candles. You can't be too careful."

If the demands of the railwaymen are not conceded (he read again) a general strike of the railways will be proclaimed on February — th.

February — th! The luncheon knitted his brows. He had an appointment in Birmingham on the — th. "I think," he chuckled, "I'll keep on the safe side and do a little

travel-hoarding. I'll write at once and change the appointment to February — th."

Hullo! What was this?

There is a general fear of the coming of night, when the only activity in the darkened streets comes from gangs of hooligans, who—Dark streets! Unrest in the police force! What about his shop if the trouble spreads? Better go to the locksmith and get an extra strong lock for it. And one for his house, too.

And suppose the gas-cooker was put out of action? Clearly he must have an oil-cooker. With a jolly good stock of oil. Thank goodness it wasn't rationed any longer.

And while he was about it, he might as well lay in a store of tinned things. And firewood. And . . .

He whipped out a pencil and began compiling a list in the empty stop-press space of his paper.

The list grew and grew.

Time sped like lightning. Though it was forty minutes before the beauty in the apron turned up with his mutton cutlet, he didn't complain.

"Sorry I've been so long," she smiled.

"Doesn't matter," he returned laconically.

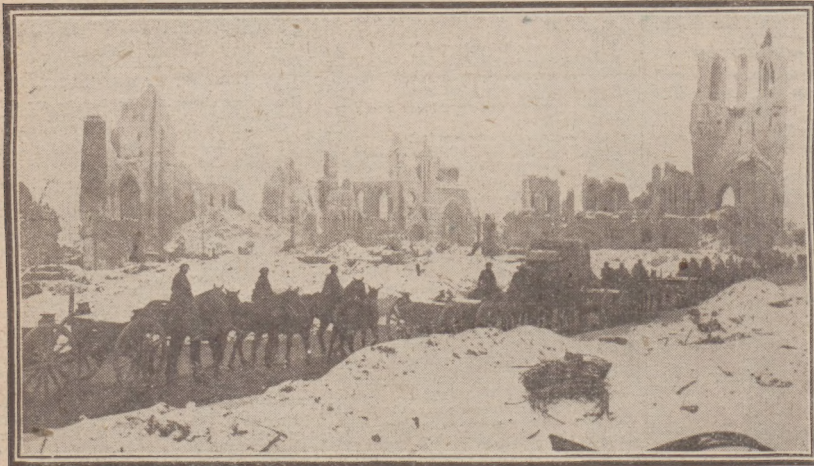
"Ah," sighed the beauty, "I wish all customers were all like you!"

Heaven granted her wish.

For as the luncheon took up his knife and fork the man opposite, who had been watching him with eagle eye, bent forward and said, in polite accents:

"Excuse me, sir, but—ahem—could you oblige me with the loan of your pencil?"

WHAT THE HUNS HAVE LEFT AT YPRES.



The gaunt skeletons of the world-famous Cloth Hall and the cathedral at Ypres as they appear now that the Huns have done their worst. The snow hides something of the appalling devastation all around. Troops passing through the city.—(Official.)



Gendarmes replace tramway drivers, who are on strike.



On guard at entrances of the Paris "underground."

KEEPING OPEN COMMUNICATIONS.—The inter-metropolitan tram and railway strikes in Paris threatened to cause very serious inconvenience; but the Government took action, and the railways were quickly running again.



MILITARY ADVISERS IN PARIS.—Marshal Foch and General Weygand leaving the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on Quai d'Orsay after having been called into conference by peacemakers.



PEDESTRIAN PRESIDENT.—President Wilson in Paris. A by-the-way photograph taken as he was passing over the Alexander III. bridge, stepping out in his own characteristically vigorous fashion.

PERSONALITIES—



General Sir Julian Byng, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour by French President.



Brigadier-General the Earl of Athlone, who has been re-elected president of Royal Albert Institute, Windsor.



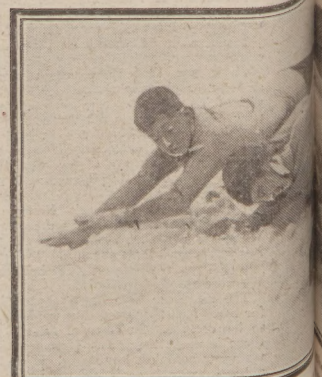
M.C. MARRIED.—Major F. Gerald Bright, M.C., married to Miss Bertha Sheldon at All Saints' Church, Springfield, Chelmsford.



MENTIONED.—Miss L. E. Maude, who has been mentioned for her services as matron of Maryland Hospital, Sproughton, Ipswich.



HUNS MEET THEIR CONQUERORS.—General of Morocco.



CAPSIZED.—Schoolboys have a great time in the Midlands and the North.

HIT. —IN NEWS TO-DAY

BRITISH LABOUR LEADERS IN PARIS.



Major Christopher Lowther, M.P., appointed Parliamentary Private Secretary by Under-Secretary of State for Colonies.



Major-General Sir Andrew Hamilton Russell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., made Grand Officer of Legion of Honour by French President.



HONEYMOONING.—Lieutenant Michael O'Leary, V.C., and Mrs. O'Leary, on their honeymoon trip through the Killarney lake district.



Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, M.P., presides at a meeting of British Labour leaders and Peace Conference delegates at the Hotel Astoria, Paris. Amongst those at the table were Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Right Hon. Arthur Henderson and Sir R. Borden.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



REVERSING THE OPERATION.—Divers at work clearing the fairway at Ostend Harbour, which was closed at the cost of so much labour and sacrifice by British naval heroes in the famous raids.



WEDDING.—Mr. Louis Drexel married to Miss Nancy Doreen Grayson, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Grayson, M.P., at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, yesterday.



IN THE CHAIR.—Duchess of Abercorn, who has been elected president of the Ulster Women's Unionist Council.



Armistice Commission salute the guard in Salins.



Tobogganing is in full swing in a spill.



FRENCH VICTORS IN HUNLAND.—Generals Mangin and Marchand meet on a pontoon bridge with which the French troops of occupation have spanned the Rhine at St. Goar.



TITIVATING.—Now that the German Navy is definitely out of commission British bluejackets are able to polish up their ships.

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Wool Costs and Wolsey

THE public must not suppose that underwear will
now be cheaper because an armistice has been
signed. Although the prices of wool have been
high, purchasers of Wolsey have been fortunate in
that the cost of Wolsey (although higher than before
the war) has been kept so low.

The issue prices of wool have been very considerably
lower than the value of wool in any markets out-
side the British Empire, and wearers of Wolsey have
benefited. Everything that the manufacturers of
Wolsey can do to reduce prices will be done, and
now that demands on their manufacturing resources
for war needs are lessening, the output of Wolsey
will increase accordingly.

There are now possibilities of getting Wolsey, and the public
should keep in touch with the retailer, who can apply to us.
THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.



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the digestive organs in proper work-
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pill form, which checks any tendency of the
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in such a gentle, soothing way that its action is
almost imperceptible, except for the benefit it
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the digestive juices. The result is that food is
naturally assimilated and does not ferment in
the intestines to cause Biliouness, Headache,
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pitation, "Travelling" Sickness and "Liverish-
ness."



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fighting areas.

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TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Overcrowded.

Getting out of the Oratory yesterday after the wedding of Miss de Trafford and Captain Keppel took me nearly half an hour. Outside I found men hunting carriages for their womenfolk. Lord Colebrooke, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest and Lord Lurgan were in a group together, car-seeking in the crowd.

For Enveloped.

This heat was intense, yet such is the force of a fashion that I saw the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower clasping their sable cloaks to their throats. Mrs. James Rothschild entered, wrapped in tiger skins, and the Duchess of Buckingham holding a big fur cape around her.

Beside the Coachman.

Lord and Lady Bury, each carrying a child, were decidedly weary when they reached the open air. Their bridesmaid child had gone off in state after the bride. Lady Agnes de Trafford laughingly pointed out that her husband could only find a seat beside the coachman.

Cut Honours.

Captain "Freddie" Guest's list of honours which he brought back from Paris is, I hear, a much shorter one than he took with him. There have been a good many "cuts," and consequently there will be a good many disappointments.

Those Strike.

Labour unrest is giving Mr. Bonar Law a great deal of anxiety. Though the Government have as yet taken no official step, he is in constant touch with Sir Robert Horne.

No More Conscription.

I believe it is a fact that, at any rate, one member of the Government would like to see a continuance, to some extent, of the Military



Miss Nancy Alwyn went from the Gaiety Theatre to war work in the early days.



Mrs. Nugent Allfrey, daughter of the late Hon. Evelyn Anderson-Pelham.

Service Act. But the Government as a whole won't entertain the suggestion for a moment.

Prince for U.S.

That rumour that the Prince of Wales is to visit the United States is naturally arousing the intensest interest over there. Some of the papers print long articles surveying the heir to the Throne from every point of view, not forgetting him as the future husband of some charming American "belle"!

His Fiancée.

One of the papers tells this tale:—"He drove his own car at the front. Sometimes he would pick up a soldier or two by the way. One day he took aboard a young Irish infantryman, who, not recognising him, chatted familiarly and showed him the photograph of the girl to whom he was engaged. He asked the Prince if he also had a picture of the young woman whom he was to marry. 'No, not yet,' was the answer."

Stained Glass.

One effect of the armistice is seen in St. George's, Hanover-square. There the famous stained-glass windows, which were put out of the reach of Fritz's bombs during the air-raid period, are being placed in position again. They are fine specimens of sixteenth-century work.

Marino Salvage.

I hear of an invention by a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force which is expected to revolutionise entirely marine salvage. A gas-bag will take the place of the present cumbersome steel apparatus.

Official Favour.

The powers that be favour the invention, and a test will shortly be made off the Kentish coast. If it is successful hundreds of vessels sunk by the U-boat may be raised.

"Toms" Bonus.

I pity the poor "toms." They have not yet had their war bonus, and there seems no likelihood that they will get it for some considerable time. Yet the permanent girl clerks got theirs a few weeks ago. A girl clerk tells me that she can see neither rhyme nor reason for these invidious distinctions.

Youthful Lunchers.

Have you seen the boy-and-girl lunch parties in the big restaurants nowadays? The other morning I noticed a girl of about eighteen entertaining a bunch of assorted young friends, all junior to herself. She paid the bill with all the assurance of thirty.

Bartimeous Decorated.

I was interested to hear that Bartimeous, the chronicler of the Navy, who is in ordinary life Lieutenant-Commander Lewis de Costa Ricci, has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre for war services.

Busy.

The last time I heard of him was from his Wimbledon home—and he was busy, so that we shall probably be having a new epic of the sea from him before long.

O, Pioneers!

Sunday week will see the Pioneer Players up and doing. They aim then to produce four plays at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. England, Russia, Italy and the United States will contribute them. The Pioneers have a woman-producer—Miss Edith Craig.

Free Matches.

I had quite a shock yesterday. I found a cafe in the City where they gave you matches to light your cigarettes. It was a pleasant surprise.

Missing Cats.

In the West End there is an epidemic of cat-stealing; and some substantial rewards are being offered for the recovery of pets and pedigree animals.

Made in Prison.

Among the dancers at the Three Arts Ball at the Albert Hall on February 12, which I am assured will be the ball of the year, will be some British officers wearing fancy costumes made by themselves from the scantiest materials in German prison camps.

A Crime.

The German authorities strongly objected to their prisoners daring to amuse themselves at impromptu balls, and the costumes had to be made secretly and hidden.

Coming Back.

An interesting development may be seen soon at Drury Lane Theatre. Miss Florence Glossop-Harris is returning from South Africa with the fixed intent of running a Shakespearean season at the National Theatre. A pessimistic former management started the idea that "Shakespeare spelt ruin," but let us hope that that notion will not hold good nowadays.

The Bard.

The late "Gus" Harris, whose management of the theatre was associated mostly with spectacular melodrama and gorgeous pantomime, always had a sneaking kindness for Shakespeare, and up to the time of his death had the idea of running a Bardic season at Drury Lane.

From Paris.

We are promised that we shall soon see in London—at the Palace, to wit—the light-comedy "star" of Paris, M. Maurice Chevalier. From what I can gather, this artist is a kind of a Parisian Admirable Crichton, not only a singer, dancer and actor, but a keen sportsman.

La Boxe.

He is especially fond of boxing, and has won many contests. At the sterner game of war he has won the Croix de Guerre, being decorated therewith in August, 1914.

THE RAMBLER.



Miss Grace d'Arcy, daughter of the Bishop of Down, works at Lady Massereene's Belfast canteen.



Miss Josephine Mitchell-Jones is to marry Lt.-Col. Maitland Edwards, D.S.O., on Saturday.

THOSE COLONIES.

An interesting Oratory Wedding—A New Parisian Star for London.

One who knows tells me that the difficulties about the disposal of the German colonies and the Middle East are far greater than is commonly supposed. He says: "If German South-West Africa goes into the Union unreservedly it will further weaken the British vote in South Africa, though this is not a consideration which can carry much weight, if any."

As to "German East."

"As for German East Africa, no experienced Indian administrator wants to take it over at the very moment when Burma may be separated from India. With regard to labour, all India, and especially the Punjab, is crying out for labour, and India needs no overseas outlet. 'German East' should go under the projected Middle Eastern Service."

Songs of Araby.

"The Arabs are not strong enough," continued my informant, "to run Mesopotamia and all the country as far as Damascus as well. China will never willingly consent to the mere substitution of Japanese for Germans at Kiachau."

White Australia.

"And the Australians are misguided if, as is alleged, they seek to apply a semblance of the 'White Australia' policy to half New Guinea, which is close to the Equator," was how my friend concluded his disquisition.

The Aga Khan—Peer?

The statement that the Aga Khan may be "elevated" to the British peerage ignores the fact that he is already a "highness" with a salute of guns. A peerage would be no "elevation," but Indian Mohammedan opinion will undoubtedly clamour for a Moslem peer to balance the selection of Lord Sisin.

Royal Press-Cuttings.

During the fighting the King had a collection of cuttings made, selected from the writings of the war correspondents whose work he specially liked. This collection is now going to be bound and indexed, as a memento of the great war.

Their Houses in Order.

It is said that we have no great political hostesses these times—at least, as they existed in Victorian days. All the same, I hear that many clever women whose husbands are



Mrs. Russell Williams, wife of Capt. Russell Williams, M.A.M.C.



The Hon. Betty Cunliffe, eldest daughter of Lord Cunliffe, was a war debutante.

connected with the Government are putting their houses in order with a view to entertaining largely for the political set when the time comes.

Why Thieves Enter.

It is the niggardly landlord that leads the door-breaker into temptation, as a police officer assures me. Thousands of small properties have not been repaired since August, the results are broken windows and sash cords and locks, and—temptation.

ONLY ADD WATER

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Turban Puddings

COMPLETE

and you have a Rich, Sweet, Milky Pudding for Six persons.

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VARIETIES:

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Transparent View of the Security Cap.

THE LOVE TRAIL

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

HELEN CARSTAIRS, a young and beautiful typist, who is engaged to **ROY DUNBAR**, the assistant manager of the firm which employs her.

KITTY LATIMER, Helen's stepister, engaged to **Dennis Clare**, a Canadian farmer, but in love with Helen's fiancé.

HUGH LONSDALE, who, masquerading as Roy Dunbar, has been flirting with Kitty.

THE DECISION.

HELEN stopped dead, scarcely able to believe her own eyes. For a moment she fancied that by thinking so much of Roy she had conjured up a vision of him, and her heart seemed to miss a beat.

"Helen, aren't you going to shake hands?" asked Roy, his voice not quite steady.

The words—the sound of his voice—brought Helen to herself instantly. She drew herself up proudly, meeting Roy's eager, pleading glance boldly; then moved forward with face averted, intending to pass him and to cut him dead.

But Roy barred her path, his face white and stern. He understood Helen's intention, and he was bitterly disappointed and mortified; but he was determined not to let her go without a word of explanation.

"One moment!" he exclaimed abruptly. "May I ask your sister, Miss Latimer, has told you of her interview with me last night and explained matters?"

"She has," answered Helen coldly, and marvelled at her own calmness, for her heart seemed almost to be bursting to be released.

The light died out of Roy's eyes and his hands dropped to his sides.

"You mean—you mean that the explanation makes no difference?" he asked unsteadily. "You mean that you don't care, and wish to have nothing more to do with me?"

"I thought I had made that plain," responded Helen in the same cold voice. "Please allow me to pass."

Roy stood aside, and she swept past him quickly, without another word or glance, her head erect, her lovely face marble-white. If only Roy could have read her thoughts or guessed what she meant, he would have insisted upon pleading his cause and upon Helen listening to a full explanation, how different everything might have been! But he thought she was heartless and did not care, and there was anger, bitterness and despair in his heart.

He stood motionless, watching Helen as she hurried away and was lost in the crowd in Victoria-street, and he felt that she had passed out of his life for ever. Abruptly he turned on his heel, squared his shoulders and strode off in the opposite direction from that taken by Helen.

"Well, that ends it!" he muttered between his teeth. "Good-bye, Helen! Good-bye, Helen! Suppose I have myself to blame for the snub."

"I might have guessed that she did not care. Probably she never cared. . . . Fool that I am, I am ever to have my heart to a girl to trample it under foot!"

He blundered into a man and cursed the innocent pedestrian savagely for his carelessness, then instantly apologised and passed on. "Ad!" he growled, and he was not at all wrong. Roy was almost beside himself as the result of his cruel disappointment and the wrecking of all his hopes and illusions. He felt, as men often do in their agony of rage and despair, that the world was against him, that he was a creature accursed, and that life was not worth living.

"Why not end it all?" The thought occurred to him, and it appealed to him powerfully in his over-stimulated state. He would be good to escape from this misery and heart-break, to drop out of a world which had become a purgatory. . . .

The thought was still in his mind when he reached his chambers, and he locked the door of his sitting-room, went quickly to an antique bureau, and opened a drawer, from which he took a service revolver. It was loaded, he knew, and it would be easy. . . . Just a pressure of the trigger, and then—nothing! He stood with the weapon in his hand, frowning at it, his grey eyes dark with misery, his face grim and mask-like.

"No!" he cried out suddenly and fiercely, and flung the revolver back into the drawer as if it were some loathly thing. "No, I may be a fool, but I am not such an accursed fool and coward as to end it like that!"

The madman had passed, and cold sweat broke out on Roy's brow as he realised how near he had come to sending his soul hurtling into eternity—or, perhaps, into perdition. He wiped his brow, shuddered, then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he turned and helped himself to a drink from a side table.

He was trembling slightly as he flung himself down in a chair, lit a cigarette, and abandoned himself to his gloomy thoughts; but the madness had passed, and he felt ashamed now of his own weakness.

"It might, perhaps, have distressed Helen for a time if I had chosen the coward's way out, and made an end of myself like that," he reflected. "She might, perhaps, have felt some remorse and blamed herself, but I doubt it. She does not care, never cared, and seems to be quite hopelessly heartless."

"I must pick myself up out of the ruins of my life, and try to be the best of things. But nothing seems to matter now. I wish I could make her suffer as she has made me suffer!"

It would have astonished him to know that Helen was suffering, and yet only her pride sustained her. The revelation to her that he had come to her suddenly when she found her

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

self face to face with him—and renunciation is never easy.

In a flash she had realised that unless she stole her heart towards him and rebuffed him she must inevitably admit that she was still in love with him, that she was still wholly his in spite of all that had happened. It seemed to her that to condemn her love would be to humiliate herself almost to the dust, and that she would never again dare to hold her head erect or to look unashamed into the eyes of Kitty or Mark Latimer. Roy, she felt, would reveal in his own power, might value her love lightly, and might tire of her as he had, she believed, tired of Kitty.

Yes, it was pride and fear of herself which had impelled Helen to act as she did, and to renounce Roy, although her heart was crying out for him.

KITTY PREVARICATES.

SHE was trembling with agitation as she hurried away from him, but by the time she reached Victoria a strange calmness had settled upon her. She felt her mind to be clear, and as if she had exhausted all her emotions and was incapable of feeling.

"I did right," she told herself. "I did right to rebuff him. He cannot really care, and I should not have been able to trust him. I feel I have done right—but I shall never be happy again."

Remembrance of the look in Roy's eyes as she snubbed him haunted her again and hurt her strangely enough, she felt at the same time almost glad that she had made him suffer.

Probably Roy's opinion that she was heartless would have been confirmed had he been able to watch her that evening, for that strange, unaccountable calm which had succeeded the emotional storm was still upon her when she reached home. She forced herself to talk, to eat, and to behave normally, and although Mrs. Harrington and Mr. Latimer both seemed to notice that she was not quite the same, she guessed that something unusual had happened.

She followed Helen up to her room, curious to learn what had occurred and apprehensive lest Helen, whom she assumed now knew the whole story, might intend to make things unpleasant for her.

"Well, did you see Mr. Dunbar to-day, Helen?" she inquired, with assumed nonchalance. "He told me yesterday that he intended to tell you."

"Yes, I met him," answered Helen tonelessly.

That Roy had, apparently, discussed his intention of meeting her with Kitty seemed to her to mark his offence as heinous, and to afford proof of his heartlessness.

"I made it quite clear to him that I wished to have nothing further to do with him, Kitty," she added. "It is all over."

Kitty's dark eyes opened wide in astonishment, and she stared at Helen, who sat down and began to brush out her wonderful hair.

"Why, you must be daft!" she exclaimed. "He is in love with you, and I thought you were in love with him. What did he say? Why have you thrown him over?"

"I don't want to talk about it, Kitty," responded Helen wearily. "You know he is unworthy. The best that both of us can do is to put him out of our minds as soon as we can."

"Did he explain—tell you his side of the case?" queried Kitty after a pause, regarding Helen in perplexed fashion.

"I refused to listen to any explanations," said Helen, and very briefly related what had happened.

"I think you are foolish!" commented Kitty. "If you love him, you should have taken him. Still, that's your affair."

She was wont to be over her own very thoughtful, but decided, after reflection, that the affair was none of her business. If Helen chose to refuse to listen to Roy's explanations, she had only herself to blame.

Kitty had been inclined to put matters right at the moment, and perhaps get herself into trouble in attempting to do so. Time enough to explain, she decided, when she had seen Hugh Lonsdale again; meanwhile she had small sympathy with Helen.

"She can't have cared much for him or she would have been only too glad to make it up," she ruminated as she went to bed. "I shan't be so silly and proud. If Hugh comes back, I shall forgive him everything and take him back gladly."

THE DISCARDED LOVER.

ROY'S new typist decided, when he arrived at the office on the following morning, that she must have been mistaken after all in deciding that the young lady who had called was Roy's sweetheart, and that she had restored his happiness. For Roy was paler and more stern than ever, and looked really ill as a result of his mental travail and a sleepless night.

He tackled his work with a sort of feverish energy that morning, sparing neither himself nor his assistants, and he was brusque in his manner. Just before lunch Hugh Lonsdale was announced, and he entered Roy's private office looking worried and nervous.

"I say, old man, I'm most frightfully sorry!" he burst out, by way of greeting. "I had no idea—word of honour—that I'd made such an infernal mess of things."

"Honestly, I did try to explain to Miss Carstairs, but I was so angry with me and with you that—I suppose I got confused and made a muddle of it. I'm frightfully sorry."

"Oh, don't mention it," Roy responded absently. "It is of no consequence."

Consolable as he felt, and he said so, laughing nervously at his little black moustache and gazing rather appealingly and shamefacedly at Roy.

By **IOLA GILFILLAN**

"Of course, you're horribly angry with me," he resumed; "but—but you needn't be so sarcastic, old man. I didn't mean any harm, and if you think I am, I seem to have made a muddle of all wrong. I'd never willingly let a pal down. That letter of yours put the wind up me properly, Roy. I was scared stiff when I got it yesterday, and I came to town by the night train. Haven't spent such a rotten time for years. Never slept a wink, and I'm feeling like—like a piece of chowder."

"I say, you don't really think that Kitty Latimer is going to cause trouble, do you, and that she will carry out her threat to see me?"

"I don't know," answered Roy wearily. "I hardly think so. In the first place, she doesn't know who Cynthia is, and I think I make it plain to her that she had been quite mistaken in your intentions. As for her, she's a good girl, and she should have no further trouble."

Lonsdale heaved a sigh of relief. "Right!" he exclaimed. "Tact isn't my strong point, but I dare say I shall manage. I can't seem to have made a muddle of a mess of explaining things to Miss Carstairs."

"I told her, Roy, that you were not to blame, and that you were in love with her and all that sort of thing, but I suppose she didn't understand. I'll see her again, old chap, although I confess the idea makes me quake, and I'll do my best."

"You need not trouble," interrupted Roy abruptly. "I have seen her, and she has turned me down flat."

"I would seem that she must have decided that her engagement to me was a mistake and was glad of the excuse to get rid of me. I don't want to talk about Miss Carstairs."

"Nevertheless," he said Lonsdale, "something of what had happened, but because annoyed when the latter attempted to express his sympathy. 'Confound your sympathy!' he snapped. 'I don't want you to feel sorry for me, and if I find you leave told anyone about my being jilted, I'll wring your neck.'—No! I don't want you to see her again and plead for me. I tell you it is all over. Go away; I'm busy!"

"All right, Roy, you needn't get huffy about it," said Lonsdale in aggrieved tones, as he rose. "Perhaps you're right, and you have cause for congratulation. These red-haired girls—"

"Don't dare to say a word against her!" interposed Roy fiercely. "I tell you I don't want to see her, and I don't want to settle matters with her sister, but don't interfere with my affairs."

Lonsdale departed, looking offended. He had intended to meet Kitty, but decided that it would be unwise to do so. He would write to her, and when she was married to Cynthia, it might be easier to explain and excuse himself then, if necessary.

Meanwhile, he was relieved that Roy had not asked him to interview Helen and make full explanation, but he could not help feeling troubled. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was responsible and that it was his duty to put matters right.

However, he left London again without having time to attempt to see either Helen or Kitty, but he wrote to the latter. His letter was intended to be non-committal, but it had the effect of reviving Kitty's falling hopes.

"Dear Kitty," he wrote, "I am sorry that you have been misunderstood, and I hope to be able to see you in the course of a few weeks and explain everything—Yours sincerely, H. L. (Roy)."

Kitty Latimer's eyes brightened as she read the message, but she seemed to hesitate. Roy Dunbar had been quite mistaken, and that Hugh must mean to see her and put everything right. No doubt, she reflected, he meant to break with the girl he was engaged to and to marry her, and she would soon as he had put matters right with his people.

She said nothing to Helen about the letter, but buoyed herself up with the hope that all would be well. As the weeks passed, however, without her, she was tempted at last to ask Helen's advice.

It was only when she was alone, in the privacy of her own room, that Helen gave way at times to despair; but Kitty knew nothing of this. She did not know that Helen was eating her heart out, and that her gaiety was assumed to conceal the fact.

More than once Kitty had wondered if Helen had really cared for Roy, and she had had occasion to ask herself when she remembered that she had not explained everything.

"Still, she couldn't have cared for him much, or she wouldn't have been so ready to throw him overboard," ruminated Kitty. "But I'd better tell her everything before Hugh comes back, and ask her to help me. I hope she won't make a fuss."

She seized the opportunity, when she and Helen were left alone after dinner on the following evening, to touch the subject.

"Helen, dear," she began, "I want to talk to you about Roy. What do you think I should do?"

"I think you should forget him, and ask Dennis Clare to forgive you," answered Helen promptly, in a hard voice.

"But you don't understand, Helen," protested Kitty, and turned with an exclamation of impatience as the maid entered the room.

"Mrs. Clare has just been here, and she's smilingly; and Kitty sprang from her chair, white to the lips, as Dennis Clare walked in quietly.

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.



Helen Carstairs.

The Ideal Beauty.

What It Is, and How to Possess It.

By "ESTELLE."

DO you know what it is like to read a novel—one that begins with a heroine whose charms are not enumerated, but whose personality and environment seem to have some resemblance to your own? And then, on page four or five, to find something of this sort: "Her (the heroine's) hair rippled in soft, shining waves round her delicately-tinted face. She had one of those peach-like skins that never seem to roughen or to burn. Her eyes were hidden at the moment under long silken lashes, but a dimple hovered at the corner of her red mouth, as she pulled a rose to pieces between her white hands"—and so on.

At this point, if you are analytic, you begin to compare this exquisite creature with yourself. With what results? To find that you are hopelessly at a disadvantage, and that you are lucky if you can find one point in your looks that can vie with her fictitious charms. The story loses half its interest; you are no longer identified with the heroine.

But has it ever occurred to you that with a little patience and perseverance, that flowery description, with one or two slight alterations, might be applied to YOU?

YOU CAN'T HELP YOUR FEATURES—BUT you can help your skin, your hair, your hands—and that is something. Look carefully at the description of your heroine. Nothing is said about her features, unless you count a dimple as a feature. Let us be systematic.

Her hair is described as "rippling in shining waves."

YOUR HAIR WOULD BE JUST AS PRETTY if you would shampoo your hair with stalfax instead of that common soap or manufactured "wash," that you are ruining it with at present. If, owing to your unskilful treatment, it is thin and inclined to split at the ends, you should try this simple home recipe. One package boranum, obtained from any chemist, mixed with 2-pint bay rum. Boranum possesses wonderful properties of renewing the strength, beauty and natural colour of the hair. "Perhaps," you say, "this is all very well." Admitted that these preparations make the hair thick and glossy, how can anything but nature, or hot iron, produce "rippling waves"? Have you never heard of silmerine?

A little liquid silmerine applied on the hair before going to bed and brushed out in the morning will transform your straight locks into the most bewitching tight curls or fascinating "kinks," according to the amount used and your individual tastes.

To return to our heroine. "How can I ever accomplish a peach-like skin," you ask in despair, "and having secured it, how render it impervious to roughness and sunburn? No, it is too much." Nevertheless, there is much TRUTH IN OLD PROVERBS, and when you so gloriously quote, "Beauty is but skin deep," do you realise that you are stating a solid, undeniable fact—one on which a whole philosophy of beauty has been based?

Below a skin that may be blotched, roughened and discoloured, is a complexion as clear and as fresh as a child's. But how remove the ugly outer layer, the pores of which are clogged with waste matter? The skin is a delicate fabric, and no force must be used. Mercurised wax, which contains oxygen, will, if applied like ordinary cold cream, invariably absorb the ugly outer coating, leaving the lovely new skin in all its glory.

To protect this delicate skin from the devastating effects of wind and weather, bathe the face and neck with a little clemintine dissolved in water, which will form the lightest of films over the complexion, at the same time giving it the much-desired "peach-like bloom."

As to the long, silky lashes, a little menna-line rubbed into the roots of the lashes with the tips of the fingers before going to bed will work wonders. If your hands are not as white as you would wish, a little lemon juice will remove bad stains, and bicrolum jelly will take away all redness and chapping.

A week or two of this treatment will make that description applicable to you. If you sit and pull a rose to pieces, any critical observer will have time to notice charms in you which attract immediate attention, and which will bear the closest scrutiny.

PARKER BELMONT'S CYNOL BURNING FOR OBESITY.—(Adv.)

THE NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING.

Sir Malcolm Seton's Question to Accused.

"DID YOU DO THAT?"

(Continued from page 4.)

heard Major Seton speak of the Rutherfords as old friends," witness said in reply to a question. He added that he met Mrs. Rutherford in June, 1917, or about then, at a lunch. He attended that lunch at the invitation of Major Seton.

Major Seton called at his office at twelve o'clock on January 13 and asked him to put him up for the night.

That night, said the witness, when the major came to his house he was in very good spirits. He was at once shown to the smoking-room and remained there nearly an hour.

The maid then came and said that a colonel—he could not catch the name—wanted to see Major Seton. The major at once went downstairs.

The next he heard was a sound which he now knew to be that of a series of shots. "I never heard a sound quite like it before," said witness, speaking rapidly. "At the beginning it sounded like a rifle shot, but then it sounded like a machine gun."

Sir A. Bodkin: Can you say how many shots there were?—I counted four or five.

Asked if they came quickly or continuously, witness said: "Oh, very quickly. Continuously was the impression made upon me."

Sir Malcolm said that he at once jumped up and ran downstairs, Lady Seton following him closely.

There was a dim light in the hall, and he noticed the body of an officer lying on the floor, with his face on the floor.

The feet were just inside the door or on the threshold, and the body had fallen out into the hall. The dining-room was quite light, and witness saw an officer standing in the room.

You say standing?—He was standing quite motionless.

Was there anything on the table?—Either at that moment or just after there was a pistol, an officer's cap and a few other things. "I don't know," he said, "I don't know if I saw a cane, and this?" and to the best of my recollection he answered, "Yes."

Lady Seton said: "You have killed my cousin," and the accused answered: "I only wish I had another bullet for myself."

"We tried to raise him," witness continued, "and my wife called out to the officer: 'Can't you come and help us lift him?' The accused came and helped us lift him and then went back into the dining-room."

Inside the room the witness thought the accused remained either standing or occasionally pacing up and down the room.

"A VERY QUIET VOICE."

Sir Malcolm's Story of Colonel Rutherford's Remark to Him.

Did you say anything to him?—I said: 'I must get a doctor and a policeman. Will you stay here until I come back?' and he answered, 'Yes,' and, said witness, I think it was at that time he said in a very quiet voice: 'There is a policeman at the corner of the street.' I think also that he then said: 'It was no use getting a doctor.'

When witness returned he let himself in and picked up the pistol, which his wife had by her side, and handed it to the constable.

A medium-sized pistol, with a black handle and a nickel barrel was produced and identified by Sir Malcolm as being like the one.

Continuing, the witness said that the prisoner was asked: 'You admit that you have murdered my cousin?' and he replied, 'Yes.'

Mr. Humphreys (cross-examining): Are you quite sure that your cousin was never in England between 1909 and 1916?—I never heard anything, I think he was, but I cannot say absolutely. I think I must have known if he had been.

Did you correspond?—Yes.

Did you know he was a godfather to one of Mrs. Rutherford's children?—No, I know now.

Your cousin spoke to you more than once about his friend Rutherford?—Yes.

He gave me the impression that he wished my wife and I to meet his friend.

On one occasion in 1917 was an appointment of your cousin's?—Yes, for Mrs. Rutherford and her daughter, my wife and myself. I am not sure whether it was the week that Colonel Rutherford was away.

Witness added that they had lunch at a restaurant, but his wife did not go. He there met Mrs. Rutherford and one daughter, and was introduced by Major Seton.

Coming to May 13, Mr. Humphreys asked whether there had been loud voices in the dining-room, witness would have heard them replied, "I think I must have," he said.

If the dining-room door had been shut, do you think you would have heard the noise of it being opened?—I think so. When I got into the hall Colonel Rutherford was standing perfectly quiet.

Motionless?—Yes.

Just as if nothing had happened?—Yes.

Did he speak throughout very quietly?—Yes.

Was a feeling of strong self-control. There were no visible signs of excitement except that he seemed to show acute distress when he first asked sight of my wife.

Counsel, cross-examining Sir Malcolm Seton, asked if the witness remembered saying before

the coroner that Colonel Rutherford was in a curiously calm state?—Yes.

"If he had wished was there ample opportunity for Colonel Rutherford to have left the house before you came down at all?" asked Mr. Humphreys.

Sir Malcolm replied that it would have been perfectly easy.

Sir A. Bodkin asked witness what he meant by the expression that Colonel Rutherford was standing as if nothing had happened.

Sir Malcolm hesitated, and then replied the man was standing, as it were, calm. He added: "I don't think those were the words I chose" (referring to the phrase "Just as if nothing had happened").

It was difficult, he added, to say what he thought, but he would have expected to have found a man labouring under strong excitement. It was so astonishing that witness called out: "Did you do this?"

When prisoner saw Lady Seton he gave a sort of gasp or sob.

He gave the impression of a man who, up to that moment, had been absolutely concentrated on one purpose, and he then suddenly realised, when other people came in, what had happened and what he had done.

"He seemed to realise for the first time," said witness, "that he had come to our house and killed an unarmed man."

Amy Millward, housemaid at 13, Clarendon-road, said she admitted the accused on the night of January 13. He spoke very quietly, said witness, when he asked for Major Seton.

"A DAZED LOOK."

Police Inspector Said Accused Was "Like a Man Who Had Been Dozing."

Inspector Thomas Trott stated that he went to the house and found Major Seton lying on the floor of the hall with his head in Lady Seton's lap.

Witness saw Colonel Rutherford at the police station in the charge-room and told him that he would be detained and subsequently charged with the murder of Major Seton.

The colonel said "Yes." A few minutes later prisoner motioned to witness and said: "Can I go and tell my wife what has happened? Any one can come with me."

Witness told him that was impossible, and accused then said: "Can I send a message to my wife to tell her what has happened before she hears it from anyone else?"

Witness told prisoner that any message he liked to send he would see delivered.

In reply to Mr. Travers Humphreys, witness said that Colonel Rutherford had a dazed look on his face, and he seemed to be like a man who had been dozing and was waking up.

Detective-Inspector Savage said that with a key he had found on the accused he unlocked a bag in the cloak-room at Victoria Station, and found a bundle of letters inside, which were tied up with string and sealed.

Inspector Savage, at the request of Mr. Travers Humphreys, produced three other letters found in the accused's bag.

Mr. Humphreys: I want one beginning "Dear Norman."—For some days I have been ill and weary and unable to carry on," and the letter, continued counsel, concludes: "It convinces me that heredity is everything."

The witness produced this letter, and Mr. Humphreys stated he did not propose to read it at this stage, remarking: "There is a second letter, which also refers to heredity."

Witness produced the letter, and counsel asked for another letter, dated October 25, which began: "The children are all very delighted with you. We are doing for them, and I think their gratitude is sincere."

The accused was then remanded for a week, and, at the suggestion of his counsel, he was conveyed in a taxicab to Brixton Prison.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Catering Shares Strong—Industrials Steady.

THE CITY, Wednesday.

The stock markets were dull generally during the day. Industrials again showed hesitation, but a distinctly firmer tendency was observable at the close, except in a few of the leaders of the group, which, after their recent heavy advances, were inclined to "boil over." War Loan was firm, 95; French Loan, slightly easier, 86½. Home Rails were dullish again.

In Industrials, catering shares were chief feature. Aerated Breeds touched 4, their record since 1913; they closed rather sellers. Lyons, 6 13-16 after 6 15-16; Liptons 35s. after 33s. 6d., Maypole 22s. 7½d., all slightly better. Metropolitan Wagons, referred to yesterday, rose to 4½. Egyptian markets another good spot, 22s. Magadi Todas easier, 21s. 6d. Marconi group showed improving tendency, especially Marines, 75s.

Mexican Eagles, after their recent rise, weakened to 5½. Shells were rather sellers 7. Kerns continued good market, although finally below best 20s. 6d. Trinidad Centrals had spurt to 2½ bid. Leaseholds fluctuated between 50s. and 52s. 6d. In Russians N. Caucasians feature 27s. 5d. buyers. Rubbers were dull for choice.

Mines showed a few features. Golds remaining prominent in Kafra 27-16. Government Areas continued well bought over 5. Randfonteins 17s. 9d. Centrals 14s. 9d. Charted steady 22s. 10d. Rats easier 8s. Tanganyika and Zambias dull. West African gold shares harder, Abbotiakoona 5s. 3d. bid. Tin shares received renewed support on brighter views regarding the metal. Ropps feature 2s. up 22s. 6d.

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tender their heartfelt thanks to the British Public for its loyalty to Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment through the trying war conditions now so happily ended. They also desire to make the fullest public acknowledgment of their indebtedness to

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27-28, Charterhouse Square
LONDON, January 30, 1919

OUR £6,418,000,000 BILL FOR THE WAR.

Sir E. Holden's Striking Figures of the Cost.

GERMANY'S DIFFICULTY.

Some striking figures of the enormous cost of the war to Great Britain, Germany and America were given by Sir Edward Holden at the annual meeting of the London Joint City and Midland Bank yesterday.

The net amount of our own liabilities will, according to the estimate of this famous authority, amount to £6,418,000,000.

Sir Edward's figures are as follow:

National Debt in August, 1914	£650,000,000
Borrowings up to December 31, 1918	6,750,000,000
Further borrowings to defray cost of demobilisation	700,000,000
Gross debt	£8,100,000,000
Deduct estimated amount to be received from surplus assets	672,000,000
Loans to Dominions and India's obligation	950,000,000
Estimated recovery of 50 per cent. of loans to Allies, amounting to £1,500,000,000	750,000,000
Net Debt	£6,418,000,000

GERMANY'S £8,300,000,000.

Sir Edward's estimate of Germany's liabilities is as follows:—

National Debt before war	£240,000,000
Borrowings during war	7,320,000,000
Imperial Debt, on December 31, 1918	£7,160,000,000
Surplus assets	260,000,000
Reducing debt to	£7,200,000,000
Cost of demobilisation, etc.	1,000,000,000
Net cost	£8,300,000,000

Sir Edward thinks it unlikely that Germany will recover anything from the loans she has made to her Allies.

America's position will, Sir Edward estimates, be as follows:—

National Debt before war	£300,000,000
War debt after demobilisation	4,200,000,000
Gross debt	£5,000,000,000
Loans to Allies	£2,000,000,000
Surplus assets	400,000,000
Net debt	£2,600,000,000

In view of the wealth of America, their bank system and the productive capacity of the country the burden should prove a light one.

MORE PAY FOR NAVY.

The Board of Admiralty are satisfied that the whole question of the pay of officers and men of the Navy needs expeditious revision, says an official note, issued last night, announcing the grant of bonuses.

These bonuses must not be taken as representing the increase which the Board may ultimately consider necessary before they can be satisfied that the officers and men of the service are receiving that just remuneration their services so well merit.

The bonuses, which take effect from next Saturday are:—

Per Day.	Per Day.
Boy 0s. 6d.	Comm'd. W.O.s
Ordinary seaman 1s. 0d.	and mates 4s. 0d.
A.B. 1s. 6d.	Sub-lieuts. and
Leading seaman 1s. 9d.	acting lieuts. 2s. 0d.
P.O. 2s. 0d.	Lieutenants 4s. 6d.
P.O. 2s. 6d.	Lieut.-comdrs. 5s. 0d.
Warrant officers,	Commanders 5s. 6d.
R.N. 3s. 6d.	Captains and
	above 6s. 0d.

THE ROYAL MARINES.

Private soldier	1s. 6d.	Warrant officer, Class I.	3s. 0d.
Paid lance-corporal	1s. 9d.	Second lieut.	3s. 6d.
Corporal	1s. 9d.	Lieutenant	4s. 0d.
Paid lance-sergeant	2s. 0d.	Captain	4s. 6d.
and sergt.	2s. 0d.	Major	5s. 0d.
Warrant officer, Class II.	2s. 6d.	Lieut.-Colonel	5s. 6d.
		Higher ranks	6s. 0d.

The annual cost of these increases will be roughly £4,500,000.

AND FOR AIRMEN TOO.

Regarding the demobilisation of the R.A.F. it is stated that during the present year about 6,500 officers and 75,000 other ranks will be retained. Officers and airmen will be retained who were not enlisted and posted before January 1, 1916, have not attained their thirty-seventh birthday, or are not entitled to three or more wound stripes. The remainder will be demobilised as rapidly as possible.

Pending the establishment of terms for the peace R.A.F., the following bonuses are granted:—

	Weekly Addition.		Weekly Addition.
	s. d.		s. d.
Aircraftman (2nd Class)	10 6	Cadet—on appropriate rate of his rank.	
Aircraftman (1st Class)	11 1	Flight Cadets	21 0
Leading Aircraftman	11 8	2nd Lieutenant	24 6
Corporal	12 3	Lieutenant	28 0
Sergeant	14 0	Captain	31 6
Flight-Sergeant	15 9	Major	35 0
W.O. (2nd Class)	17 6	Lieut.-Colonel	38 6
W.O. (1st Class)	21 0	Higher ranks	42 0

The estimated cost of these increases is £3,000,000 yearly.

COMPETITORS FOR THE £500 "DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY PRIZE



A worker in the Land Army in her uniform.



Now at India Office, formerly at hospital.



One of the V.A.D. workers in a Yorkshire hospital.



This girl is engaged on clerical war work.



This young lady is taking a rest from war work. She used to be very busy making hammocks and water baskets for sailors.



Has worked at Y.M.C.A. and on munitions for two years.



She has been singing and dancing for the wounded.



Two years' service in the Inspection Department of Shells



She has been singing and dancing for the wounded.



Serapina, the maid, to Uberto: "You foolish tyrant!"



Uberto, Serapina and Vespina in Scene II.

A REVIVAL. "La Serva Padrona" ("The Maid Turned Mistress"), an operetta in two scenes, by Pergolesi—first produced in 1733—was revived at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, last night.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

ARDING & HOBBS

LAST WEEK OF SALE

FLEECY SPORTS COATS

AT NEARLY HALF PRICE.



These useful and warm Sports Coats are just the thing for early Spring wear. As the price quoted—far less than we could have done for 2 days—a point which the keen buyer will not miss—be prompt. Make second choice of colour.

Usually 21 Gns.
NOW 27/11

Postage 6d.

Worn Fleecy Sports Coats, as sketch, perfect shape fully cut, having new wool collar, pockets and girdle. Heather Mixtures of charming shade of Navy, also Light and Dark Covert. Usually 21 Gns. Postage 6d.

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Clapham Junction, LONDON, S.W. 11
Phone—Battersea 4.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPHI.—“THE BOY.” At 8. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.
AMBAADOR.—TWICE DAILY, at 2.45 and 8.30.
AMBAADOR.—In a new show, “THE BOY.”
APOLLO.—Musical Comedy, “SOLDIER BOY.”
BOHEMIA.—Evening, at 8.15. “TAILS UP.” A Musical Entertainment. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Thurs. 8.30.
COURT.—Shakespeare's Comedy, TWELFTH NIGHT. Night, at 7.45. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.15.
CRITIC.—YOU NEVER KNOW, YENKOW.
DAILY.—2.30 and 8. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Thurs. 8.30.
DRURY LANE.—THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS.
DRURY LANE.—At 7.45. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.
HAYMARKET.—Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30.
DUKE OF YORK.—2.30. THE MAN FROM TORONTO.
ELGIN.—At 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Thurs. 8.30.
GARRICK.—Evening, at 8. Mat. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
THE PULSE STRINGS.—A new Comedy.
GLOBE.—Manager, Marie Lohr. At 2.15 and 8. “NURSE HAYMARKET.” 2.30 and 8. DENNIS EADIE in “THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.” Mat. Wed. Thurs. 2.30. Tues. 2.15 and 7.30. Mat. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 8.30.
KINGWAY.—Ger. 402. Every Evening, at 8. Mat. Wed. Thurs. 2.30. O.H. JOY. A new Musical Piece.
LYCEUM.—At 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Thurs. 8.30.
LYRIC.—Hammersmith. At 8. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
THE YOUNG GENERAL.—And Pergolesi, Operetta.
LYRIC.—Pavilion. C. B. Cochran's “AS YOU LIKE IT.”
LYCEUM.—Twice Daily, 2.30. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
MASKED THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 3 and 8. 6. to 10. Mat. 1945.
NEW.—At 8. “THE CHINESE PUZZLE.”
OLYMPIA.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
OXFORD.—“IN THE NIGHT WATCH.” Even. 8.15.
PLAYHOUSE. 2.30 and 8. “THE NAUGHTY WIFE.”
PRINCES.—Musical Farce. Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
QUEEN'S.—“THE LUCK OF THE NAVY.” Daily, at 8.30.
ROYALTY.—2.30 and 8.15. “THE TITLE.” By Arnold Bennett. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
ST. JAMES.—Gertrude Elliott in “EYES OF YOUTH.”
ST. JAMES.—Daily. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
SAVOY.—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.15. C.M. “THE PURPLE MASK.”
SCALA.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
SHAFESBURY.—YES—UNCLE! (2nd Year) Even.
STANDARD.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
VICTORIA PALACE.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
WINDHAM.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
COLISEUM.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
HIPPODROME.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
PALACE.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
AMERICA.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
NEW GALLERY.—At 8.15. Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
SPREADING DAWN.—Charlie Chaplin.

RACEHORSE OWNERS' IN SPORTING MATCHES.

Mr. Coleman and Mr. Tabor to Ride Submit and Wild Aster.

WINDSOR AGAIN POSTPONED.

The match arranged between Mr. Coleman's Submit and Mr. Tabor's Wild Aster will be one of the most interesting sporting events seen on the Turf for some time. Both owners have agreed to ride their respective horses. It will take place at Gatwick on February 12.

It was originally intended that jockeys should ride, but Mr. Coleman made the offer to his opponent that they should themselves pilot their horses. In the same sporting spirit Mr. Tabor assented.

Very great interest has been aroused by this match, which would have taken place at Kempton but for the fact that the meeting has been transferred to Gatwick owing to the military being in possession of the former course.

OLD CAMPAIGNERS.

Both horses are old campaigners, Wild Aster being eighteen years of age, and Submit thirteen. It was understood that the younger horse would concede a pound for each year in the difference between the ages. Now that it has been decided that the owners shall ride, it will be at catch-weights.

Mr. Coleman is the well-known Epsom veterinary surgeon, and Submit, before coming into his possession, was occasionally, I believe, in his hands for a “dicky leg.”

It will not be the first occasion on which Submit has taken part in matches. Two seasons ago he beat Mistrel Park at Hawthorn Hill, and was subsequently beaten on the flat by Blind Hooker.

The match is for £100 a side over two miles of hurdles.

Another very interesting match was also announced last night. Mr. C. Duller, the father of the well-known jockey, has deposited with the Sporting Life £250 to bind a match between Mr. J. Baylis' Carol Singer and Mr. Bottomley's Canute, over the same course and at the same weights as at Sandown Park last week. Duller, who rode the horse then, is to have the mount on Carol Singer.

In accepting the challenge, Mr. Duller adds if Carol Singer wins he will give £250 to St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind.

WINDSOR DISAPPOINTMENT.

Windsor races, which should have been run yesterday and to-day, have again been postponed. The former day's programme will be run through to-morrow, if practicable, and that for the second day abandoned.

It was raining last night, and that should have cleared the snow away from the course, but it will naturally ride very sloppy, even if racing is possible to-morrow.

It is unfortunate that part of the programme has had to be abandoned, for given fine weather there are few pleasures more satisfying than Windsor, and a large attendance was assured.

The Grand National Steeplechase weights are due in to-day's “Racing Calendar.” Mr. W. F. Lee is framing the handicap this year. Most people will be anxious to see his appreciation of Water Bed, the champion hurdler, which won his solitary race over fences in fine style recently.

BOUYERIE.

R.A.F. RUGBY TRIAL.

North-West Defeat Ireland at Blackheath by 22 Points to 0.

In the third of the series of R.A.F. trials at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, yesterday the North-West, who were beaten on Monday by the Midlands, easily beat the Ireland team by a dropped goal and six tries (22pts.) to 0.

Played on a slippery ground, the game as a trial was somewhat disappointing, but it pretty clearly put the Ireland men out of the running for places in the representative side.

Thomas, who played well in the centre on Monday, was seen to greater advantage than before. He handled the ball very safely and passed to his wings with judgment. He stood out prominently among the backs. Judd, by his speed, showed he was better suited to the wing than in the centre.

Brotherton, Halam and Turner (who scored three of the tries) were perhaps the pick of the forwards. The half ended in a draw of 3 points, and the other tries. Slane dropped a good goal, deliberately taken.

TOUGH JUDGE.

HOSPITALS DRAW WITH GUNNERS.

There was a dramatic finish to the match at Richmond between Guy's and Bart's Hospitals combined against Machine Gun Corps (Granham) yesterday. The match ended in a draw of 3 points each, and the Gunners scored a penalty goal almost with the last kick of the match.

The first half was evenly contested, but though both sides had many free rushes, the greyish ball made matters very difficult for the backs, and nothing was achieved.

Widely through the second half F. W. Crook, the Guy's forward, dribbled very cleverly from half way, and C. F. Krige, a South African, scored in the corner. The place-kick failed. The visitors never gave up, and after a strenuous attack on the Hospital lines, were awarded a free-kick, in a favourable position, a minute before no side.

Lieutenant Dickinson, who had played a good game on the visitors' left wing, took the kick. The ball appeared to come to pass under the crossbar. It struck it, however, and, soaring almost to the top of the posts, fell the other side. The scores were thus equal—a try to a penalty goal.

NOBLE VERY FIT.

Bantam Champion in Hard Training for Contest with Lynch.

SOME NOVEL EXERCISES.

Tommy Noble showed *The Daily Mirror* yesterday how a champion boxer should make himself fit for a big contest.

He is matched to box Joe Lynch, of the U.S. Army, for £200 a side at 8st. 8lb. at the Ring next Monday. At Sam Kella's gymnasium at Walworth yesterday he proved that he is even now perfectly fit.

To be a sparring partner of Noble is no easy task. Yesterday he stopped Charlie Curley, one of his three, in the second round.

He also boxed three rounds with Sam Minto, the American coloured boxer, and Jack Neville, of Battersea. They can all testify to the severity of his hitting. Of course, in these practice spars big gloves are used, and not those worn in matches.

Noble's ball-punching and skipping revealed nothing new. His exercises on the “mat” were, however, novel.

The champion has a body exercise in which he lies with his shoulders on the ground and brings both feet over his head, and taps the floor alternately with left and right. His deep breathing exercises are forceful, and no doubt very strengthening indeed to the stomach muscles.

For outdoor work Noble runs and walks on Clapham Common each morning.

Noble is boxing in his very best form. Regarding his prospects for Monday, he said: “I’ve never felt more confident in my life.”

“I have never seen Lynch box,” he added, “but his longer reach does not worry me. I would always rather box a bigger man than myself than a smaller one.”

ATHLETES IN REVOLT.

Amateur Runners Up in Arms Against Reduction in Prize Values.

Amateur athletes are up in arms against the suggested “reform” of the Amateur Athletic Association that first prizes in future shall be of the maximum value of £3. It is suggested to form a union of athletes to fight against the scheme.

They contend that the A.A.A. idea that low-value prizes will stop betting is ridiculous. They point out that sports promoters able to give the best prizes get the best entries, and therefore the biggest support from the public, and that betting has no connection with prize values at all.

Organised betting can only be stopped at amateur meetings by strong police patrols. We all know that the evil does exist, that heats and finals of races have been arranged, but it is quite within the powers of the promoting clubs to see that betting is stamped out.

It may be said that amateurs should be content to race for laurel leaves alone for the pure love of sport. But human nature is human nature, and the best men will go where the best prizes are offered, and the public will flock to the meetings at which the best men are competing.

Fast experiences tell one that promoters, public, and athletes will all be against the proposal. Athletics have had a rough time from over-licensing, and disputes between the Amateur Athletic Association and the National Cyclists' Union in the past. Reconstruction of this kind may end in another national strike.

TAYLOR'S UPHILL FIGHT.

J. G. Taylor gained a splendid victory by 30 points over W. E. Foster in the second round of the amateur billiards championship at White-square yesterday.

Foster seemed to have the game well in hand when he led by 211 to 100 at the interval. This advantage he increased to over 300 early in the evening.

Taylor, however, made a splendid uphill fight, and with breaks of 66, 49 and 43 (twice) finally took the lead near the end. Final score: Taylor 1,000, Foster 270.

Professional Matches.—Last night's closing scores in the matches now in progress were: Reece 12,001, Newman 8,827; Falkner (rec. 2,500) 13,394, Imman 10,076.

R.A.F. WIN BULLDOG CUP TIE.

At Fulham yesterday R.A.F. Roehampton (holders) defeated Coldstream Guards in the replayed second round of the Bulldog Cup, by 2 goals to 0. The winners were the better side, Cannon, the old Fulham forward, scored both goals.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Ring Boxing.—Boxing at the Ring, Blackfriars, on Thursday will be resumed on February 6.

Big Men Matched.—Eddie McGeeney and Joe Beckett will meet in a 12-stone contest on February 6.

Pal Moore's Requirements.—Pal Moore is asking for a guarantee of £3,000 to come to England to meet Jimmy Wilde. What had the prospect of a world title?

International inside ring.—Has been demobilised, and will probably play for Chelsea on Saturday against Clapton C.F.

Varsity Rowing Restarted.—After a lapse of nearly five years' college rowing has been restarted at Cambridge with a view the resumption at early as possible of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

Australians for Bourne-mouth.—The following matches have been arranged for the Bourne-mouth Cricket Ground, August 15 and 16, Hants v. Somerset; August 18, 19 and 20, Hants v. Australia.

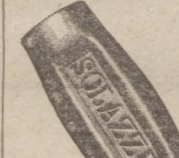
Two sales professional to the Bushy Hill Golf Club.—Herts, who has been for many years, will shortly be having there to take up a position with the Dunstable Golf Club, Bedfordshire.

MILLIONS READ

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SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Contains Special Articles every week by the most Famous Writers. Exclusive Photographs of the World's News.



GENUINE Solazzi Licorice is the best of all medicines for all forms of Lung Trouble—Coughs—Colds—Sore Throats and Influenza—Antiseptic—soothing and healing.

STRONGLY Recommended by the Medical Profession. To obtain the genuine article absolutely insist on

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See the name on every stick. Of all Chemists & Stores.

PERSONAL.

UNIFORM. Jewellers, Muffs, Underwear, Boots, Trunks and all effects; largest secondhand stock in the world; buying, selling, pawnbroking and offices' outfitting; master dealers, always reasonable; buyers from the trade also—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport.
SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-garden, Shepherd's Bush Green, W.12.
SAVOY All Night Baiters; never closed; 500 bats—150, Highgate, London; 24, Railway-approach, London Bridge; 459, Brixton-rd.

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of Eightpence Per Word (minimum eight words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column One Shilling Per Word. Name and address of sender must also be sent. Address, Advertisement Manager, “Daily Mirror,” 23-25, Bowdler-st., London, E.C.4.

MISSING SOLDIERS.

MISSING. Nov. 27, 1917, Pte. S. H. Hart 29140, No. 1 Coy. 4th Platoon 3rd Batt. Grenadier Guards. Any information will be gratefully received by his mother, Mrs. Hart, Home Farm, Oxton, Southwell, Notts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENUINE Watch Bargains—Silver luminous wristwatches, perfect timekeepers, bargain, 20s., with doublet set from 30s.—J. B. Bourne-mouth-garden, Folkestone.

Daily Mirror

Thursday, January 30, 1919.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.



Captain Rupert Keppel, of the Coldstream Guards, son of Lord Albemarle, married to Miss Violet de Trafford, daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bart., at Brompton Oratory, London. Bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the ceremony.—(Daily Mirror.)

THE UNITED SERVICES BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL.



An effectively costumed group of dancers at the ball last night.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



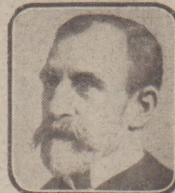
Mr. Spencer as a cowboy and Miss Hawkins.—(Daily Mirror photograph.) Major Struthers and Miss McAlpine at the ball.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



The United Services' Ball, at the Albert Hall last night, was the occasion for enthusiasts of the prevailing terpsichorean craze to enjoy themselves to the top of their bent.



STRIKE-TIME IN BELFAST.—During a parade of strikers through the principal streets of Belfast, Life in Belfast, says a correspondent, now consists chiefly of a series of striking workers' processions and demonstrations.



TO RETIRE.—Captain George F. Dixon, for many years superintendent of S.E. and C. Ry.'s cross-Channel service.



AT LONDON BRIDGE.—Corporal Butterworth, a well-known figure at London Bridge Station, has helped thousands of soldiers.



AT BONN.—Waiting to record their votes during election of members for new German National Assembly. The Moderate Democrats were found to have secured a substantial majority.